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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Repealers. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. London, 1833. Bentley.

THE novel has of late so enlarged its boundaries and changed the character of its domains, that a good old-fashioned novel-reader of some twenty years since, who, having dreamed away that period, desired to make up for lost time, and sent to the circulating library for some "tale of terror," some "midnight bell," or some "victim of sensibility," would be as much surprised at the altered character of the works now-a-days, as the French absentee who returned from those Indian woods which the Cherokee chiefs found so fashionable for a while in Paris, and found a republic where he left a king,—the people where he left a court,—clubs instead of *fêtes*,—and equality, liberty, and the rights of man, the fixed, which means the passing, principles of the time. The traveller's ideas were not more confounded than would be those of the novel-reader; he would find a thousand demands on his mental faculties, of which he never before dreamed. Instead of the arm-chair, feet-in-slippers, luxurious sort of reading in which he once indulged, he will have politics, philosophy, and metaphysics, &c. &c. keeping him wide awake, out of pure astonishment. The novel-reader must now bargain for what made the staple of letters and essays in former times. Mr. D'Israeli says that the convulsions of states and nations, to which every week brings a new constitution, or at least a trial for one, originates in the change which is now taking place "from feudal to federal principles." The same remark applies with equal truth to the fictitious world: the novel is passing from the hereditary sway of hero and plot, to the republican admixture of all classes of composition, represented by sketches of all sorts and kinds. Lady Blessington's work is constructed on the most innovating principles of the modern school; abounding in dialogue, personalities, and reflections. Story there is none; and this we retain enough of old prejudices to consider a fault, however clever and observant the matter may otherwise be: we are well inclined to admit a very large portion of digression,—a something for after-reading, when the nut of the plot has been cracked; but we like to have a rallying point of strong interest,—we require the narrative. The following dialogue will illustrate the style of these pages; the scene is the opera:—

"I like the opera better than any other theatrical amusement," continued Lord Albany; "the hour is more suited to one's habits; for really it is *bien gênant* to be obliged to swallow one's dinner, and drive off in a state of personal discomfort, to arrive when half the new comedy or tragedy is over, and be told that the most effective scenes have passed. Then the sort of dinners one gets preparatory to a play.—I think of them with horror! To dine *dans une bonne maison* the day of a premeditated visit to the theatre, is out of the question; so one is forced to hurry over soup and *côtelettes*,

à la minute, at Crockford's, at the risk of burning one's mouth; and drink wine half-iced, denying one's self the gentlemanly comfort of discussing a dessert; and then 'to be taken (as the poetical apothecary's label directs) and well shaken' over the *paré* in a cabriolet: one is out of humour before one arrives, digestion is deranged, comfort destroyed, patience put *hors de combat*; and, consequently, one is little disposed to judge favourably of the entertainment; and one leaves the theatre, vowing that we have now neither dramatic writers nor actors; and all this because we have been *dérangé*, and that if we will not change our hours, so they will not change theirs." "But would it not be a good plan to go to the theatre without dining," asked Lady Oriel, "and sup afterwards? by which means all the disagreeable effects you have so pathetically deplored would be avoided." "*Hélas! mes dames*," said Lord Albany, "I have tried that plan; but it answers not. From going without dinner, one is apt to make a more substantial supper, and this banishes sleep. The ghosts of the murdered lamb, chicken, &c. sacrificed to our appetites, rise up in judgment against one, presenting even more hideous visions than those which murdered the slumbers of Macbeth." "How much more you men think of dinners than we do!" said Mrs. Forrester. "I own that in general we do," replied Lord Albany; "for *la gourmandise* is not a female vice. Still, who can deny that much of our comfort depends on our dinners? and he is therefore wise, who, reflecting that as we must dine three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, resolves to dine well, in order to spare the stomach and its poor dependant, the temper. I never dine with Lord Refton without feeling a happier and, I do believe, a better man for the rest of the evening; 'my bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne,' because the stomach is not weighed down with 'any perilous stuff.' His *plats* are so delicious, so *épuré* from all that is gross, that they can only send light and agreeable vapours to the brain; and this accounts for his being always gay, *spirituel*, and amiable." "I know not if this be the cause," said Lady Oriel, "but I am ready to admit the effect; for Lord Refton is very agreeable and *spirituel*." "Oh! I do assure your ladyship," replied Lord Albany, "that my theory on this point is irrefutable. Good cooks make agreeable men. Only compare the most gifted conversationist, even Moore himself, after a dinner at Refton's or in an ordinary house with the same guests, and he would be no longer equally brilliant. I have thought of searching into history, to discover the materials of which were composed the particular repasts eaten by the remarkable men of the last century, the day of, or the day previous to, any remarkable action, as I am convinced it would elucidate my system. Only fancy what a load of responsibility would be taken off from poor human nature, by discovering that all our crimes proceeded either from a bad dinner or the want of a dinner, and ascertaining that

'When poor fellows go astray,
Their dinners are in fault—not they.'

"I must say, you talk *con amore* about dinners," said Lady Oriel; "you would almost persuade one you thought of nothing else." "*Apropos to con amore*, as beauty always is to hearts," replied Lord Albany, "who is that very handsome woman opposite to us? she might make one forget dinner and supper too." "That lady," said Lady Oriel, looking at her through her glass, "is the wife of our most popular writer, and is remarkably beautiful; features, complexion, expression, all are faultless. Mr. Desmond pointed her out to me the other evening as one of the very few perfect specimens now to be seen of a beauty peculiar to Ireland: hair like the wing of the raven seen with the sun's rays full on it, and skin white as the driven snow, with eyes of heaven's own blue. The lady comes of an ancient Irish race, and belies not her blood, which sends that mantling rose-tint to her cheeks, 'as if she blushed because she is too fair.'" "*A mauvaise honte*," added Lord Albany, "that few ladies are guilty of for such a cause! Look into the *parterre*, and you will see talking together two of the men who have the most succeeded in fiction.—Moore the poet and Lord Fableton. Both have made reputations from the exercise of the same power—imagination; but such is the prejudice of society, that while one is admired and followed as a poet, the other is derided and shunned as a—liar. Imagination, which is the *El Dorado* of the poet and of the novel-writer, often proves the most pernicious gift to the individuals who compose the talkers instead of the writers in society. How strange does it appear to casuists," continued Lord Albany, smiling, "that one man with his plume can soar into the regions of fiction, and gain immortality by a brilliant fable; while another, using his tongue instead of a pen, and adhering to prose instead of verse, becomes stamped with the degrading epithet of a liar; and all from a different use of the same faculty! What a poet would my poor friend Lord Fableton have made, had he turned his inventive powers to good account, instead of being, as at present, considered an emulator of the Baron Munchausen! I was present the other evening," continued Lord Albany, "at the reading of a poem from the pen of a celebrated author. 'What a brilliant imagination! what invention!' was repeated at every side; and, albeit unused to the approving mood, I was forced to yield assent to their well-merited commendations. I left Grosvenor Square duly impressed with the advantages of imagination, and wishing that I too could find a ladder to mount into this palace of gold, and bear away even a little of its dust. With this feeling I entered White's, and seated myself, inwardly invoking the aid of imagination, until my invocations were interrupted by the voice of my imaginative friend, Lord Fableton, who related tales and anecdotes which satisfied many of his hearers that he was in his anecdotalage, and stated as facts the bright effusions of his brain.

The past, present, and future, were equally and impartially misrepresented, and the poem I had heard read in the early part of the evening contained much less invention than his conversation. No sooner had he withdrawn, than the circle he had left commented most severely on his want of veracity. 'And this,' thought I, 'is the reward of genius, and such is the invidious distinction made between men of equal powers of imagination. One gains immortality by his pen; while the prejudices of society stamps my poor friend as a liar, only for having spoken his bright imaginings: he ought to have been a poet.'

Such a description would have made the fortune of a former letter-writer. The Irish scenes are entitled to warm commendation, (and we propose exemplifying their merits in a second notice); they are written with equal good feeling and good sense; while Grace Cassidy is a sweet and touching portrait. The opening dialogue is characteristic and entertaining, and explains the rational and accurate views which the author has taken of this intricate and turbulent subject.

Bridgewater Treatises, No. 1. On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man. By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. London, 1833. Pickering.

Is anything could reconcile us to the faultiness of the division of subjects in the plan of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, it would be a work like the one before us. Far from being a cento culled from sources patent as the day and numerous as the sands, it is the genuine offspring of Dr. Chalmers's own strong and vigorous mind. Not that he has neglected those great writers, Butler, Paley, Smith, and many more of the highest authority, who have preceded him in the same glorious course. It appears to us that, to a rightly constituted intellect, to a heart still unclosed to all the harmonies and sympathies awakened by the material universe, to the beauty both mental and corporeal scattered around us with such lavish profusion, the present is a subject the most inspiring,—and Dr. Chalmers, fully impressed with its intrinsic dignity, has treated it as would be augured from his known abilities and reputation. *Velut inter ignes luna minores*, will scarcely be considered invidious when applied to the present volumes and their fellow-treatises which have as yet appeared;—one of them, to say the truth, a star of very small magnitude indeed.

Our author commences his subject by shewing that the term "external nature" is not to be confined solely to the material universe, but ought to be, and is by him, extended to the mental universe external to every individual mind which forms an integral part of it.

"It is true (he says) that, with even but one solitary human mind in midst of the material creation, certain relations could be traced between them that would indicate both skill and a benevolent purpose on the part of Him who constructed the framework of nature, and placed this single occupier within its confines. And, notwithstanding this limitation, there would still be preserved to us certain striking adaptations in the external system of things to the intellectual, and some too, though fewer and less noticeable, to the moral constitution of man. But, born as man obviously is for the companionship of his fellows, it must be evident that the main tendencies and aptitudes of

his moral constitution should be looked for in connexion with his social relationships, with the action and reaction which takes place between man and the brethren of his species. We therefore understand external nature to comprehend in it, not merely all that is external to mind, but all that is external to the individual possessor of a human mind,—who is surrounded not only by an economy of complex and extended materialism, but who is surrounded by other men and other minds than his own. Without this generalised view of external nature, we should be left in possession of but scanty materials for evincing its adaptation to the moral constitution of man, though an ample field of observation would still lie open to us, in unfolding the aptitude of the human understanding, with its various instincts and powers, for the business of physical investigation. For the purpose, then, of enhancing our argument, or rather of doing but justice to it, we propose to consider not merely those relations between mind and matter, but those relations between mind and mind, the establishment of which attests a wise and beneficent contrivance. We shall thus be enabled to enter on a department of observation distinct from that of all the other labourers in this joint enterprise,—and while their provinces respectively are to trace the hand of a great and good Designer in the mechanism of the heavens, or the mechanism of the terrestrial physics, or the mechanism of various organic structures in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; it will be part of ours, more especially, to point out the evidences of a forming and presiding, and withal benevolent Intelligence in the mechanism of human society."

Nothing, it is evident, can be more truly philosophical than this mode of viewing the subject. What follows is equally so. He proceeds to draw, very properly, a distinction between the moral constitution of man and all systems of morals derived from it.

"It might help to guard us against a possible misconception, if now, at the outset of our argument, we shall distinguish between the moral constitution of man, and that moral system of doctrine which embodies in it the outer truths or principles of ethical science. The two are as distinct from each other as are the objective and subjective in any quarter of contemplation whatever, and ought no more to be confounded than, in optics, the system of visible things with the anatomical structure of the eye. The organ which perceives or apprehends truth is separate in reality, and should be kept separate in thought, from the truth which is apprehended; and thus it is that we should view the moral constitution of man and the moral system of virtue as diverse and distinct from each other. The one belongs to the physiology of the mind, and is collected, like all other experimental truth, by a diligent observation of facts and phenomena. The other, involving, as it does, those questions which relate to the nature of virtue, or to the origin and principles of moral obligation, directs the attention of the mind to another quarter than to its own processes, and presents us with a wholly distinct matter of contemplation. The acts of moral judgment or feeling should not be confounded with the objects of moral judgment or feeling, any more, in fact, than the rules of logic should be confounded with the laws which govern the procedure of the human understanding. The question, 'what is virtue?' or 'what is that which constitutes virtue?' is one thing. The question, 'what is the mental process by which man takes cognisance of virtue?' is another. They

are as distinct from each other as are the principles of good reasoning from the processes of the reasoning faculty. It is thus that the mental philosophy, whose proper and legitimate province is the physics of the mind, should be kept distinct from logic and ethics, and the philosophy of taste. The question, 'what is beautiful in scenery?' or 'what is right in character?' or 'what is just in argument?' is distinct from the question, 'what is the actual and historical procedure of the mind in addressing itself to these respective objects of contemplation?' as distinct, indeed, as the question of 'quid est?' is from 'quid oportet?' or as the question of 'what is?' from 'what ought to be?' A sound objective system of ethics may be framed irrespective of any attention that we give to man's moral constitution. A sound system of logic may be framed irrespective of any attention that we give to man's intellectual constitution. And, on the other hand, however obscure or unsettled these sciences may still be; and more especially, whatever controversies may yet obtain respecting the nature and the elementary principles of virtue,—such notwithstanding, may be the palpable and ascertained facts in the nature and history of subjective man, that, both on his mental constitution and on the adaptation thereto of external nature, there might remain a clear and unquestionable argument for the power, and wisdom, and goodness of God."

He then shews that evidences of design are not to be sought so much in the creation of mere matter, and its subjection to definite laws, as in the collocations of the various material elements, the intricate combinations and admirable arrangements which render them capable of exhibiting a certain definite range of phenomena. It is not the creation, but the adaptation of the *rudis indigestaque moles*, which bespeaks the divine Artificer. It is not sufficient that matter be gifted with properties, it must be so placed that these properties may be called into play. On this, however, our author's words are far more to the purpose than any which we could supply.

"In the performances of human art, the argument for design that is grounded on the useful dispositions of matter, stands completely disentangled from the argument that is grounded on the useful laws of matter—for in every implement or piece of mechanism constructed by the hands of man, it is in the latter, apart from the former, that the indications of contrivance wholly and exclusively lie. We do not accredit man with the establishment of any laws for matter—yet he leaves enough by which to trace the operations of his intelligence in the collocations of matter. He does not give to matter any of its properties; but he arranges it into parts—and by such arrangement alone does he impress upon his workmanship the incontestable marks of design; not in that he has communicated any powers to matter, but in that he has intelligently availed himself of these powers, and directed them to an obviously beneficial result. The watchmaker did not give its elasticity to the mainspring, nor its regularity to the balance-wheel, nor its transparency to the glass, nor the momentum of its varying forces to the levers of his mechanism,—yet is the whole replete with the marks of intelligence notwithstanding, announcing throughout the hand of a maker who had an eye on all these properties, and assigned the right place and adjustment to each of them, in fashioning and bringing together the parts of an instrument for the measurement and the indication of time. Now, the same

distinction can be observed in all the specimens of natural mechanism. It is true that we accord the author of these with the creation and laws of matter, as well as its dispositions; but this does not hinder its being in the latter, and not in the former, where the manifestations of skill are most apparent, or where the chief argument for a Divinity lies. The truth is, that mere laws, without collocations, would have afforded no security against a turbid and disorderly chaos. One can imagine of all the substantive things which enter into the composition of a watch, that they may have been huddled together, without shape, and without collocation, into a little chaos, or confused medley;—where, in full possession of all the properties which belong to the matter of the instrument, but without its dispositions, every evidence of skill would have been wholly obliterated. And it is even so with all the substantive things which enter into the composition of a world. Take but their forms and collocations away from them, and this godly universe would instantly lapse into a heaving and disorderly chaos—yet without stripping matter of any of its properties or powers. There might still, though operating with random and undirected activity, be the laws of impulse, and gravitation, and magnetism, and temperature, and light, and the forces of chemistry, and even those physiological tendencies which, however abortive in a state of primitive rudeness, or before the Spirit of a God moved on the face of the waters, waited but a right distribution of the parts of matter, to develop into the full effect and establishment of animal and vegetable kingdoms. The thing wanted for the evolution of this chaos into an orderly and beneficial system is not the endowing of matter with right properties; but the forming of it into things of right shape and magnitude, and the marshalling of these into right places. This last alone would suffice for bringing harmony out of confusion; and, apart altogether from the first, or without involving ourselves in the metaphysical obscurity of those questions which relate to the origination of matter and to the distinction between its arbitrary and essential properties, might we discern, in the mere arrangements of matter, the most obvious and decisive signatures of the artist-hand which has been employed on it."

The phenomena of conscience are considered to afford the strongest arguments for the moral character of God. Although our extracts have already trespassed on our limits, we shall make no excuse for presenting our readers with the following eloquent passage:—

"Had he been an unrighteous being himself, would he have given to this, the obviously superior faculty in man, so distinct and authoritative a voice on the side of righteousness? Would he have so constructed the creatures of our species, as to have planted in every breast a reclaiming witness against himself? Would he have thus inscribed on the tablet of every heart the sentence of his own condemnation; and is not this just as unlikely, as that he should have inscribed it in written characters on the forehead of each individual? Would he so have fashioned the workmanship of his own hands; or, if a God of cruelty, injustice, and falsehood, would he have placed in the station of master and judge that faculty which, felt to be the highest in our nature, would prompt a generous and high-minded revolt of all our sentiments against the being who formed us? From a God possessed of such characteristics, we should surely have expected a differently-moulded humanity; or, in other

words, from the actual constitution of man, from the testimonies on the side of all righteousness, given by the viceregent within the heart, do we infer the righteousness of the Sovereign who placed it there."

Again:—

"It is true that rebellious man hath, with daring footstep, trampled on the lessons of conscience; but why, in spite of man's perversity, is conscience, on the other hand, able to lift a voice so piercing and so powerful, by which to remonstrate against the wrong, and to reclaim the honours that are due to her? How comes it that, in the mutiny and uproar of the inferior faculties, that faculty in man, which wears the stamp and impress of the Highest, should remain on the side of truth and holiness? Would humanity have thus been moulded by a false and evil spirit; or would he have committed such impolicy against himself, as to insert in each member of our species a principle which would make him feel the greatest complacency in his own rectitude, when he feels the most high-minded revolt of indignation and dislike against the being who gave him birth? It is not so much that conscience takes a part among the other faculties of our nature, but that conscience takes among them the part of a governor; and that man, if he do not obey her suggestions, still, in despite of himself, acknowledges her rights. It is a mighty argument for the virtue of the Governor above, that all the laws and injunctions of the governor below are on the side of virtue. It seems as if he had left this representative, or remaining witness, for himself, in a world that had cast off its allegiance; and that, from the voice of the judge within the breast, we may learn the will and the character of Him who hath invested with such authority his dictates. It is this which speaks as much more demonstratively for the presidency of a righteous God in human affairs than for that of impure or unrighteous demons, as did the rod of Aaron, when it swallowed the rods of the enchanters and magicians in Egypt. In the wildest anarchy of man's insurgent appetites and sins, there is still a reclaiming voice—a voice which, even when in practice disregarded, it is impossible not to own; and to which, at the very moment that we refuse our obedience, we find that we cannot refuse the homage of what ourselves do feel and acknowledge to be the best, the highest principles of our nature."

The author then sets forth the argument for the existence of God drawn from the supremacy of conscience, and also for his moral character derived from its dictates. This reasoning he follows up by a consideration of the inherent pleasure of the virtuous, and misery of the vicious affections,—the power and operation of habit, &c.: but we shall not enter into a detailed analysis of Dr. Chalmers's work—we must refer to the book itself. It is one, the perusal of which must serve higher purposes than the mere whiling away an idle hour, or charming the listlessness and languor of *ennui*. It must be deeply meditated upon; and much indeed would he be pitted, who would not rise from the meditation wiser and better. It is a study of surpassing interest; it gives a tone and healthful vigour to the mind. The volumes before us are every way worthy of their subject. It would seem almost supererogatory to pass any judgment on the style of a writer so celebrated as Dr. Chalmers. He is well known as a logician not to be baffled by any difficulties; as one who boldly grapples with his theme, and brings every energy of his clear and nervous intellect into the field. No sophistry escapes

his eagle vision—no argument that could either enforce or illustrate his subject is left untouched. Our literature owes a deep debt of gratitude to the author for these admirable volumes. We shall return to the consideration of them.

(To be continued.)

Phœnician Ireland. By Dr. J. L. Villanueva. Translated and illustrated with Notes by Henry O'Brien, Esq. A.B. 8vo. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

"THE purport of the author," says Mr. O'Brien in his preface, "is to prove, by the analysis of names imposed in the days of Paganism, and retained among us [in Ireland] till the present, and by the similarity of worship cultivated in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity, to that practised in Phœnicia at the same era of time, that a colony from the latter place must at one period, and that a very distant one, have visited our shores, and spread their dominion over the whole extent of the island."

The learned doctor accordingly sets to work much after the fashion of the logician celebrated by the facetious Mr. Joseph Miller, who proved, in the most undeniable manner, a pigeon-pie to be a fish-pie. And when this mode of reasoning fails, it is the easiest thing in the world to change one letter into another, so as (*ex. gr.*) to identify haggis and tag-rag, which we will presume to be a Phœnician word. In the first place, we have only to change *t* into *h*, to make *hag* of *tag*, and then, by reading the second syllable backwards, according to the Hebrew manner, *rag* will become *gar*, which, by substituting *is* for *ar*, will give the primitive meaning of *haggis* to be *tag-rag*. But we will allow Doctor Villanueva to speak for himself. Among the Phœnician monuments which remain in Ireland, he mentions one near Fermoy in the village of Ghanworth, called *Leaba-chailde*—(in the latter word we believe the doctor has made a mistake, as it is called *caile*, which means a hag.) "*Leaba*," he says, correctly enough, "in Irish signifies a couch or bed; but who this *Caillid* was, no one that I can discover, even soothsayer or prophet, hath ever asserted or dared to guess; much less can it be ascertained from the interpretation of the populace, who understand by the term the 'Old Hag's Bed.' In support, however, of this explanation, it is alleged that all monuments similarly constructed are called by the Irish *Leapa na Feine*, by which they conceive are meant the dormitories or sleeping-places of the Fenians, their celebrated militia of warriors."

Here the doctor blunders again, originally, no doubt, misled by a typographical error, or his Spanish mode of pronunciation. These monuments are certainly popularly called *Leaba na Feine*, not *Leapa*.

"With all respect, however," he continues, "to the distinguished individuals who think thus [a judicious compliment from the doctor to the Irish peasantry] and otherwise, I am inclined to imagine that *Leaba Chailde* is a Phœnician expression, slightly vitiated, and composed of the words *Chab shallaid*, a burned corpse, indicating the grave of some illustrious hero deceased and buried therein. For *chab* in the Phœnician language is a flame, whence *zalehab*, to burn, and *shallaid* is a corpse or trunk of a dead body. *Leopana*, too, would seem to be derived from the Phœnician *lepin* or *leponin*, that is swathings or ligaments, or

from *leggin*, linen or towels; as much as to say, that underneath was interred some Phœnician hero, and, according to the eastern custom, wrapt up in bandages."

Elsewhere, p. 322, Dr. Villanueva, forgetful of all this, makes the very same burial-place of a Phœnician mummy—for Leaba Caille is also called Granny's Bed—a Phœnician temple. Granny's Bed, he says, "is supposed to have been corrupted from *Green Beauch*, which is usually interpreted the sun's circle. I prefer, however, the word *bed*, which is Phœnician, *beth*, meaning a house, a shrine, a circle." It was far too obvious for either the doctor or his translator and annotator to discover or recollect what he had before asserted, that the Irish Leaba corresponds with the English word couch or bed; in fact, that this second name is a mere translation from Irish into English.

A syllable, a letter, is often quite sufficient for Dr. Villanueva to establish the Phœnician origin of a word. Thus *Cork* he derives from *Caurium*, p. 192, a city of Spain, where a Phœnician colony had been established.

And will it be believed that the doctor derives the obvious names of Greenfield, Green-island, Green-mount, and Green-hills, from the Irish word *Grian*, the sun, which is referred to "the Phœnician *Krew*, the sun's ray or splendour." Here there is, out of four, positively but one letter alike, and that is *r*. Hill, it seems, "which with us means a mountain, meant with the Phœnicians an idol, and was spelled with one *l*."

Of Annacotty a town in the county of Limerick, he says, *Anna*, in the Phœnician *hanna*, means delightful, acceptable. This name, if we suppose it composed of the words *Hanna-Chutai*, will mean a place acceptable to the Phœnician Chutheans; or, if we suppose its component parts to have been *Anakia-Chuti*, it will then mean the offspring of the Phœnician Chutheans. Or, perhaps, it bears reference to the idol *Ana-Meloch*, which the Phœnicians borrowed from the Chutheans and other Assyrians, in which case you may render it by, the oracle of Moloch; *anah* or *onah* being an answer."

Who, after this learned dissertation, can doubt the Phœnician origin of Annacotty? The doctor, however, although a complete visionary, appears from his essay to be an amiable and learned old man, which is more than we can say of the translator, who, notwithstanding that he styles himself on the title-page to be "author of the Prize Essay upon the Round Towers of Ireland," it seems, from his dedication, is not the author of the prize essay in question, he having "been defrauded of that prize for which his zeal had been enlisted, and his young energies evoked, while, from that system of 'jobbing' with which our country has been long accursed, he has seen the badge of his victory transferred to another!"

There is something very Irish, therefore, in Mr. O'Brien's prize authorship. His translation of Dr. Villanueva's work is fairly executed; but his notes upon his author will gain him neither reputation as a scholar, as a man of taste, nor as an antiquary,—at the same time that they exhibit extreme egotism, and display the feelings of a disappointed and an angry man. He quotes more than once, as illustrative of the text, verses by Bernard Barton, Lord Byron, Sheridan Knowles, an embryo poet named Stanley Hornby, and in a note upon his preface favours us with one of

* The ancient monument near Maidstone, consisting of two immense upright stones, and one laid across in a tabular form, is called Kite Coty House.—*Et. L. G.*

Moore's most popular Irish melodies at full length. In fact, Irish bad taste seems to have run riot in Mr. O'Brien. Upon the subject of Round Towers he is not to be restrained, and is perfectly furious about the conduct of the Royal Irish Academy, which, to use rather an Irish phrase, finds with us a perfect defence in the attack made upon it. Nor have the antiquaries of London escaped Mr. O'Brien's rage. After informing us, that in his work on the Round Towers "it is proved to a demonstration" that they were built by the Tuatha de Danaan, or Danans, Mr. O'Brien (we should like to know his authority) tells us that "they arrived in Ireland 1200 years before Christ, under the conduct of three brothers, Brien (no doubt the translator's ancestor), Inchorra, and Inchor, and immediately gave battle to the Firbolgs, commanded by Eogha their king, at Moyturey, near Lake Masg, in the territory of Partrigia, otherwise Partry, in the county of Mayo. The latter lost, in one day, the battle and possession of the islands of the north. Nuagha, the Tuatha Danaan general, having lost a hand in the action, had one made of silver, whence he attained the name of *Airgid-lamb*, which signifies *silver hand*. This narrative had been long supposed a day-dream of fiction, which legendary chronicles had of old trumped up. The hour, however, has arrived for the restoration of truth; and I rejoice that I am the first person to announce to my countrymen that this relic or *silver hand* is still extant. It was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries a short time ago, who, of course knew nothing about it. The moment I saw it I exclaimed in the confirmation of our ancient history; and did not hesitate, at once intimating to the gentleman who had the kindness to gain me access to their museum, that it was the long-missing arm of Nuagha Airgidlamb. I now give the inscription, which is in old Irish characters, for which I am indebted to the gentleman above alluded to, whose name (T. Crofton Croker) perhaps I may be pardoned if I publish."

Now we perfectly recollect the exhibition of this "*silver hand*," as Mr. O'Brien will have it, at the Society of Antiquaries. It was composed, however, not of silver but of bronze, and had inscriptions on it, not in the "old Irish characters," but evidently in those at present used, although in some places much worn. Of these inscriptions Mr. O'Brien attempts no translation or explanation, and here, as elsewhere, when there is an opportunity offered for producing satisfactory proof, he is unable to afford it, and sneers at a Society for ignorance, who presume to doubt his fanciful appropriation of a bronze arm to a silver-handed gentleman precisely three thousand and thirty-three years ago!

We had hoped that the Ogygian days of Irish antiquarianism were over, and that mere verbal speculators no longer existed to bewilder themselves with

"What Erin calls in her sublime
Old Erse or Irish, or it may be Punic."

We require sober-minded works on Ireland—we want knowledge and we want facts—we want writers free from party spirit, with cool heads and kindly feelings; and not such men as Mr. O'Brien, who threaten "discomfiture" to "revenge" upon an Institution which has failed to reward dreamy egotism and arrogance.

The Young Enthusiast in Humble Life: a Simple Story. 18mo. pp. 188. London, 1833. Fraser.

THE equal distribution of good and evil through all ranks and conditions of men, is a belief as

true as any general belief can well be. The advantage and the drawback maintain a perpetual balance; the aching head and the beating heart are to be found beneath the purple as well as on the pallet, and, in like manner, the buoyant step and the glad eye belong both to the cottage and to the castle. It was a fashion amid former philosophers and poets to draw most fancifully tinted pictures of "the sweet content that rocketh poverty;" a volume might be made of graceful eulogiums on the lowlier walks of life—

"Oh! happy lowly clown;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The error of our time takes an opposite direction; and we now quite as much overvalue the blessings of riches, only that a feeling of hatred is mingled with the envy entertained of wealth, which did not exist in the pretty self-deceit practised about poverty and content. The truth is, though there never was an age of more stern reality than the present, yet even we cannot do without some exaggeration; and the advantages of the upper ranks are the poetry of to-day's existence. The volume before us, in its repining and craving hopes for the impossible, illustrates this belief with great force. It is a melancholy and accurate picture of the state of a large portion of the community; their immediate evils are felt with all the strength of actual suffering, while the good of which they dream is afar off—and "distance lends enchantment to the view." In the particular case drawn into story, this misery is increased by a peculiar temperament, whose wretchedness has never, we think, met with adequate commiseration. The sorrows of genius have been most eloquently deplored:—

"The marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in its pride,"

Savage, Otway, &c., have been soothed in the silent grave by the sympathy of that future to which they looked. But there is another class, more to be pitied, if the positive suffering be taken into account, viz. those in whom the divine idea, rather than "the faculty divine," is developed—who have the imaginative, not the creative power. To such a one, learning is a passion, and the mental struggles terrible in their excitation; life is one ungratified desire:

"They look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

This state of mind is not genius, for genius brings its own energy and its own industry, and puts forth its glorious creations under the most discouraging circumstances; but it is the temperament out of which genius is formed—it is the chaos of the imagination, but darkness is on the face of the deep. The interesting little volume of which we speak embodies such a history; it records the sensations of a youth in the lower classes of society, devoured by the wish for information, looking up with enthusiastic love of literature, conscious of a high and imaginative tone of mind; but not, we think, equally conscious that his powers are not of a like high order;—and herein consists the delusion and the misery of so many who devote their energies to literature—they mistake the aspiration for the ability. We cannot say that any passage in these pages bears the stamp of that originality which alone cuts out a royal road for genius. The language is wonderfully good, if genuine; though, as a composition, the sympathy arises from the author's self, not his work. But that is very sufficient; for we cannot dwell upon the simple and touching picture of strong affection struggling through all possible difficulties, with-

out feeling is lively interest in the result. We refer to a portion of the Introduction.

"I wrote the story," says the Young Enthusiast himself, "in the Military Hospital at Enniskillen. Two, to me most powerful, motives induced me to write it,—the hope of realising by its sale a sum sufficient to procure my discharge, and a desire to present a copy to one who has pledged herself to become my wife. With these objects I obtained a furlough, and left Londonderry with 1*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* in my pocket. I spent two days with my brother in Liverpool; he is a stonemason, has a wife and two children, and he lives in Chisenhall Street, Liverpool. I walked to London—a distance of two hundred miles—and lived by the way, in a great measure, on turnips, to save what money I could. I reached London, after six days' march, with about thirteen shillings. I have paid five shillings for lodgings, and I have now two. In conclusion, I hope I may be allowed to speak it with modesty, yet with a justifiable pride, that since I have been in the service I have conducted myself as a soldier ought to do. In proof of this, I can refer you to no higher authority than the colonel and the adjutant of the regiment to which I belong."

"Having been recommended to Mr. Fraser, as a bookseller likely to forward his views, James Jolly ventured to address to him his manuscript, accompanied with a letter stating its circumstances and wishes. With many, perhaps, such an application would have been totally disregarded; but it is Mr. Fraser's policy (and it is a wise one) to give every man's manuscript a fair chance, and accordingly he brought the story and letter before the proper critical tribunal. The judgment was favourable, and some design was conceived of inserting the Simple Story in *Regina*, as the readiest means of serving the story-teller. But, as will subsequently appear, an objection was raised to this mode of proceeding by the Young Enthusiast himself. The feelings of James Jolly on this first step in his progress were not without expression. 'From my heart,' he writes, 'I thank you sincerely for your kindness, for even a single word of encouragement. To one who, like myself, has met with little pity from men, or seldom heard a voice in the tone of sympathy—to one whose motives of action have been misunderstood and misrepresented, kindness has in it something peculiarly attractive and impressive.'

"You have spoken of your intention, if you purchase the manuscript, to cut it up for the Magazine; not to publish it separately. I have a sort of feeling, in thinking of this, like that perhaps of one who would contemplate the amputation of a leg or an arm. I have, perhaps unfortunately, a father's feeling for this child of mine, and I could not bear to see it unmercifully cut up to suit the pages of a periodical publication. If, after undergoing this ordeal, it were published separately, I can have no objections. I have stated my wish to present a copy to one Harriet Hedges, (Rev. Edw. Kempe's, North Cerney, near Cirencester, Gloucestershire,) who has pledged herself to become my wife—one who is every thing I could wish woman to be, and whose virtues would adorn a more exalted station than the one she occupies. But this object would be defeated by your proposed arrangement. O! may I ask you to consider this? If it were only a sixpenny pamphlet, I could wish her to read it. Yes, I could love—it is the first wish of my heart—that she should possess a little volume bearing her future husband's name; not, Hea-

ven knows, from any feeling of personal vanity, but that I might receive her smile of approbation, that she might never blush for her connexion with me; and that I might give it into her hands as a mark of my admiration of her virtues, and her disinterested attachment to me. I do not know what to do, or what plan to adopt. I feel more unhappy than ever. My acquaintance with the world has not increased my respect for mankind. If an LL.D. were appended to my name, I might have some chance of success."

We do not feel quite sure of that. However, "the decision of James Jolly has not been without effect. His little work is published separately: what effect it may have on his future prospects, and the objects dearest to his heart, must be left to a benevolent public, which in England has never been applied to in vain. We entertain, we trust, no ill-founded expectation, that its decision will be as efficient as that of James Jolly, in favour of the simple story."

We close the volume with one remark. On its sale the author depends for the reward of long-enduring attachment—for relief from a position for which, however well he may conduct himself, he is obviously unfitted; he will be made easy—even happy; he deserves such encouragement. Is not, therefore, the purchase of this slight volume a moral duty—and, we must add, a pleasant one? The reader will inevitably become interested in the fate of the *Young Enthusiast*.

Sayings and Doings at the Tremont House, in the Year 1832. Extracted from the Notebook of Costard Sly, and edited by Dr. Zachary Philemon Vangripper. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Parbury and Allen.

A SERIES of very lively and very American sketches, interspersed with tales, poetry, criticism, and all kinds of pleasant gossiping. There are some very judicious observations on the state of English feeling towards America, which we are glad to find so intelligent a writer admits to be generally favourable. For example, how universally has our own protest against Mrs. Trollope's invidious caricatures been re-echoed by almost the whole run of our periodicals! To this we would add—Has justice been refused, or even delayed, to any of their authors? Washington Irving, Cooper, Bryant, &c. obtained immediate popularity; and we will venture to refer to our own pages for the cordial praise bestowed on the various talent indicated in their very clever Annuals. But the "family quarrel" is so humorously treated in these pages, that we cannot do better than extract it.

"The fact is, that Jonathan (viewing himself in the light of an ill-treated child) cannot be expected to regard Father Bull with much affection or reverence. John was for treating his refractory offspring with a cudgel; but Jonathan (a true chip of the old block) was as good a hand at single-stick as his sire; so he broke the old gentleman's pate, and set up for himself in the world. Meanwhile, old Bull gets to fighting with his neighbours,—nay, is obliged, occasionally, to make use of his fists in support of his younger children; and, in the midst of his troubles, happens to give fresh offence to his eldest-born (Jonathan), who thereupon enters the ring once more, and exchanges half-a-dozen blows with Father John. At length, old Bull leaves off the fighting business, and goes back to his shop. He is too well pleased with the black eyes he has given to his neighbour (notwithstanding the bloody nose he

himself got in the conflict), to think of the turn-up he had had with Jonathan—or to take much heed how young Hopeful is getting on. Probably he might have muttered, 'Deuce take the fellow! a pretty example he has been setting to my other boys!' And some of his scullions and cook-maids, thinking, no doubt, to please him, bring the old fellow all sorts of tales about Jonathan's ill manners and bad habits—swearing that he is a nasty, sour-tempered, evil-disposed, wrong-headed person; hating the land of his birth, and every member of the Bull family, as he does the devil! Jonathan, hearing of this, and taking it for granted that the old man believes all that is said of him, gets into a passion—rakes up old stories—tells them daily to his children—and instructs the latter to look upon their grandfather as a good-for-nothing, tyrannical, brow-beating, dishonest, insolvent, hoary-headed sinner! In the mean time old John (for the first time in his life) begins to take his affairs seriously into consideration. He consults the schoolmaster; he reads, he meditates, he travels. He becomes aware of his own imperfections; he bears willing testimony to, and endeavours to imitate the excellencies of, his neighbours. He sees that his shop is (and has long been) badly conducted; and he resolves to make material alterations in its management. He finds this no easy task; but his attention has been turned to the operations of his eldest-born, and he resolves to persevere. He begins to perceive that Jonathan was not the greatest fool in the family. He says to himself, 'By Jupiter! this boy of mine is running as fast as a race-horse! He must be a confounded clever fellow!' The old gentleman's paternal feelings are revived; and he looks with more than complacency upon his gallant, high-spirited, (yet still, as regarding himself, somewhat sulky) offspring. Jonathan, however, continues to regard his venerable sire with a suspicious eye. He says, 'I don't care a curse for you now, old man. I shall soon be as big as yourself; and then, if you provoke me, I'd as soon give you a good licking as not.'

The following are other traits of the author's quality.

An idea of a good Dinner.—"Well, after the chowder, I shall take some oyster-pie; then a mutton cutlet, with some macaroni; then a small piece of roast beef; then a plover, or the wing of a partridge; and finish, perhaps, with a piece of pumpkin pie."

The next is such good advice that we quote it out of Christian charity.

Captain Parkenrath. To make use of a great man's words, 'you have such a relish for business, as to have lost that of good-fellowship.' [How applicable to $\frac{2}{3}$ of the mercantile world of London!]*—Gaultiman.* Come, come, captain. Why the deuce can't you be serious for once in a while?*—Capt. P.* Serious! By heaven, I never was more so. There never was a country (so abundantly blessed as this is) whose people had a greater right to be cheerful, happy, and pastime-loving, than we have. But our natural humour, and gaiety, and cheerfulness of heart, are, somehow or other, too early subdued. Providence did not design that this world should be filled with grave aspects and dull hearts; or that the mind of man should be constantly bent upon matters relating to the store, or taken up with even more serious considerations. 'There's a time to laugh and a time to play,' says the spelling-book; 'a time to dance, and a time to sing.' And I shall not be content, until I have composed and published a book of sports and pastimes for the people

of the United States. We ought to be original, even in our games; though I shall take the liberty of importing the noble game of cricket from the old country.—G. We have already as many games as we want. What can be better than bowls, or billiards, or — or —.—*Capt. P.* Or what? You can't give us a third game, (mind, I speak only of Boston) for your very life. But billiards is a game only for the few. Your bowls (or nine-pins) is, after all, but poor sport;—not half so good as quoits, if I understand the latter game aright,—and not near so scientific as what is called the game of bowls in England. (There, *nine-pins* and *bowls* are two very different things.) But what I want to bring about, is a more frequent gathering together of the sexes. At a cricket-match in England, as I have read, and verily believe, hundreds of lovely and amiable women (see Miss Mitford) stand by as spectators, encouraging, by their smiles and plaudits, the unskilful as well as the initiated. At their rowing-matches, 'tis the same thing. At the village fair,—a holiday to which the poor and humble have long been looking forward,—each lass is attended by her loving swain; his little purse of savings is exhausted in purchasing for her a fairing, and, perhaps, a sight of one or two of the shows. Her few shillings, too, are spent in buying for her sweetheart 'a true lover's gift.' And these little presents, these tokens of mutual affection, have (I have been assured) often been preserved and cherished, when —.—*G.* I tell you what it is, Captain; you may talk till to-morrow, yet you will not be able to convince me, that we should be made either happier or better by the introduction of these amusements. Our's is a young country yet, and, besides, we don't want them.—*Capt. P.* There I differ from you,—I think we do want them. You, for instance, have very little business to attend to after dinner. It is the same thing with several of our young merchants. Most of you are not reading men, nor musical men. Few of you can either draw or paint; many of you are separated from your families, consequently you have not the society of your sisters and their female friends to fly to. Yet you must do something to kill time. St. John himself is said to have recreated himself with sporting with a tame partridge. See that? —*G.* To be sure,—and haven't we gigs and horses in abundance? and don't we make the best use of them?

Anecdote of Dr. Currie.

"*Walsingham.* It is part of a letter from the celebrated Dr. Currie to one of his relatives in Virginia—(reading), 'You are now almost a stranger in your native land. Twenty-three years form a large portion of life. Do not you think you should relish a sight of your old friends, and of the scenes of your infancy? About eighteen months ago, I visited your father and mother. I joked with your mother about your old tricks, and drank drams with your father, till we fell to kissing each other, and we could have cried heartily.—(Now listen.) I looked into *Mean Water*, to see if there were any minnows, and there they lay under the banks, just as when we left them.'"

Among the varieties, the "*Devil's Fever*" is a humorous extravagance; the "*Last Dollar*" a well-told story; and the "*Merry Maids of Grand Cairo*" has somewhat of the lively air of hoaxes in the old quaint Italian novels, which were, to use the phraseology of the play-bills, "tremendously successful." We recommend these amusing volumes to all who wish for familiar acquaintance with our Transatlantic

neighbours, to be achieved at the cost of an hour or two's entertainment.

Walpole's Correspondence.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

It is with regret that, even in a third Number, we come to bid farewell to this lively and amusing book; the light and brilliant particles of which have already afforded us, and, we hope, our readers, so much entertainment, while we have left the graver (though there is not much gravity) and more instructive historical and political parts to be perused in the original. Our plan to the end must be of the same desultory description; and we begin with a *jeu d'esprit*:

"Les Cours de l'Europe.

L'Allemagne craint tout;
L'Autriche risque tout;
La Bavière espère tout;
La Prusse entreprend tout;
La Mayence vend tout;
Le Portugal regarde tout;
L'Angleterre veut faire tout;
L'Espagne embrouille tout;
La Savoie se défile de tout;
Le Mercure se mêle de tout;
La France achète tout;
Les Jésuites se trouvent par tout;
Rome bénit tout;
Si Dieu ne pourvoye à tout,
Le Diable emportera tout."

In our last we mentioned the celebrated Miss Gummings; and we now copy two characteristic passages relating to them and their lords. Lord and Lady Coventry visited Paris:

"Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages; for, besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty, her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to shew how ill-bred he is. The Duke de Luxemburg told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my lord replied, '*Vous avez fort bien fait.*' He is jealous, rude, and scrupulous; at a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her, that since she had deceived him and broke her promise, he would carry her back directly to England. They were pressed to stay for the great *fête* at St. Cloud; he excused himself, 'because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester'; and she excused herself from the fireworks at Madame Pompadour's, 'because it was her dancing-master's hour.' I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Maréchal de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my lord made her write for it again next morning, 'because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach,' and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to every body she meets, 'How odd it is that my lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling!' Her sister's history is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the duchess at their own house walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of earl—would not one wonder how they could get any body either above or below that rank to dine with them at all?"

Afterwards: "Even the era of the Gummings is over: both sisters have lain in, and have scarce made one paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were grown so renowned, that in Ireland the beggarwomen bless you with, *The luck of the Gummings attend you!*"

We may conveniently follow this by a few brief bits out of the second volume, recommended either by their neatness, vivacity, or some other quality, for selection. Our sportive fathers often did as foolish things as their sporting sons. *Es. gr.:*—

"My Lord Rockingham and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London. Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are not you convinced that this race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Hellogabalus? And don't you pity the poor Asiatics and Italians who comforted themselves on their resurrection by being geese and turkeys? Here's another symptom of our glory! The Irish speaker, Mr. Ponsonby, has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket*: George Selwyn, seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table, said, 'How easily the speaker passes the money-bills!'

"Mr. O'Brien is made Earl of Thomond: my Lady Townshend rejoices; she says he has family enough to re-establish the dignity of the Irish peerage, to which of late nothing but brewers and poulterers have been raised; that she expected every day to receive a bill from her fishmonger, signed Lord Mount-Shrimp!"

A beautiful touch of feeling is conveyed in the annexed assurance after Walpole had lost his dearest friend and Mann his brother:

"I feel your situation, and beg of you to manage me with no delicacy, but confide all your fears and wishes and wants to me—if I could be capable of neglecting you, write to Gal's image, that will for ever live in a memory most grateful to him."

A letter of great humour:

"Sir,—I had the honour of being at the taking of Port Mahon, for which one gentleman was made a lord; I was also at the losing of Mahon, for which another gentleman has been made a lord: each of those gentlemen performed but one of those services; surely I, who performed both, ought at least to be made a lieutenant. Which is all from your honour's humble servant, &c."

"Did you hear (says the writer, speaking of the loss of Mahon, and the attempt to assassinate the French king, January 1757) that after their conquest, the French ladies wore little towers for *pompons*, and called them *Des Mahonnoises*? I suppose, since the attempt on the king, all their fashions will be à l'assassin. We are quite in the dark still about that history: it is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time, that one never knows the truth of it till one is dead! Old Fontenelle is dead at last; they asked him as he was dying, *s'il sentoit quelque mal?* He replied, *Oui, je sens le mal d'être.*"

Of a ministerial change it is happily observed: "The nation expects a change every day; and being a nation, I believe, desires it; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made."

Here is a pretty story of General Braddock, one of the first of our heroes in the American war:—

"The duke, who is now the soul of the regency, and who on all hands is allowed to make a great figure there, is much dissatisfied

at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scolded. It is said for him, that he has had guides, that the roads are exceedingly difficult, and that it was necessary to drag as much artillery as he does. This is not the first time, as witness in Hawley, that the duke has found that brutality did not necessarily consummate a general. I love to give you an idea of our characters as they rise upon the stage of history. Braddock is a very Iniquitous in disposition. He had a sister, who having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself with a truly English deliberation, leaving only a note upon the table with those lines, 'To die is landing on some silent shore,' &c. When Braddock was told of it, he only said, 'Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced to tuck herself up.' But a more ridiculous story of him, and which is recorded in heroics by Fielding in his Covent Garden tragedy, was an amorous discussion he had formerly with a Mrs. Upton, who kept him. He had gone the greatest lengths with her pin-money, and was still craving. One day that he was very pressing, she pulled out her purse and shewed him that she had but twelve or fourteen shillings left; he twitched it from her, 'Let me see that.' Tied up at the other end he found five guineas; he took them, tossed the empty purse in her face, saying, 'Did you mean to cheat me?' and never went near her more.—Now you are acquainted with General Braddock.

"I have already given you some account of Braddock; I may complete the poor man's history in a few more words: he once had a duel with Colonel Gumley, Lady Bath's brother, who had been his great friend. As they were going to engage, Gumley, who had good humour and wit, (Braddock had the latter,) said, 'Braddock, you are a poor dog! here, take my purse; if you kill me, you will be forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to support you.' Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed, and would not even ask his life. However, with all his brutality, he has lately been governor of Gibraltar, where he made himself adored, and where scarce any governor was endured before.

"There is a wild young Venetian ambassador come, who is reckoned very pretty. I don't think so; she is foolish and childish to a degree. She said, 'Lord! the old secretary [Carteret] is going to be married!' They told her he was but fifty-four. 'But fifty-four! why,' said she, 'my husband is but two-and-forty, and I think him the oldest man in the world.'"

Lord Carteret did marry; and Walpole thus notices the manners of the happy pair in public: "I was with them all at a subscription-ball at Ranelagh last week, which my Lady Carteret thought proper to look upon as given to her, and thanked the gentlemen, who were not quite so well pleased at her condescending to take it to herself. My lord stayed with her there till four in the morning. They are all fondness, walk together, and stop every five steps to kiss."

The following notices of Lord Orford after his retreat from office, and of Pope, are interesting: the date is May 29th, 1744.

"My father has been extremely ill from a cold he caught last week at Newpark. Princess Emily came thither to fish, and he, who is grown quite indolent, and has not been out of a hot room this twelve month, sat an hour and

half by the water-side. He was in great danger one day, and more low-spirited than ever I knew him, though I think that grows upon him with his infirmities. My sister was at his bedside; I came into the room, he burst into tears and could not speak to me: but he is quite well now; though I cannot say I think he will preserve his life long, as he has laid aside all exercise, which has been of such vast service to him. He talked the other day of shutting himself up in the farthest wing at Houghton; I said, 'Dear, my lord, you will be at a distance from all the family there!' He replied, 'So much the better!' Pope is given over with a dropsy, which is mounted into his head; in an evening he is not in his senses: the other day at Chiswick, he said to my Lady Burlington, 'Look at our Saviour there! how ill they have crucified him!'"

Here is another literary extract:

"The town flocks to a new play of Thomson's, called *Tancred and Sigismunda*: it is very dull; I have read it. I cannot bear modern poetry; these refiners of the purity of the stage, and of the incorrectness of English verse, are most woefully insipid. I had rather have written the most absurd lines in Lee, than *Leonidas* or the *Seasons*; as I had rather be put into the round-house for a wrong-headed quarrel, than sup quietly at eight o'clock with my grandmother. There is another of these tame geniuses, a Mr. Akenside,* who writes odes; in one he has lately published, he says, 'Light the tapers, urge the fire.' Had not you rather make gods jostle in the dark, than light the candles, for fear they should break their heads? One Russel, a mimic, has a puppet-show to ridicule operas; I hear very dull: not to mention its being twenty years too late; it consists of three acts, with foolish Italian songs burlesqued in Italian."

Of the city of London's literary predilections in these days, we are told—

"The good city of London, who, from long dictating to the government, are now come to preside over taste and letters, have given one Carte, a Jacobite parson, fifty pounds a-year for seven years, to write the history of England; and four aldermen and six common-councilmen are to inspect his materials and the progress of the work. Surveyors of common sewers turned supervisors of literature! To be sure, they think a history of England is no more than Stowe's *Survey of the Parishes*! Instead of having books published with the imprimatur of an university, they will be printed, as churches are whitewashed,—John Smith and Thomas Johnson, churchwardens."

On the character of Lord Granville, Walpole makes one of his peculiar points: "His frankness," he says, "charms one, when it is not necessary to depend upon it."

The House of Commons.—"Among the numerous visits of form that I have received, one was from my Lord Sandys: as we two could only converse upon general topics, we fell upon this of the Mediterranean, and I made him allow, 'that, to be sure, there is not so bad a court of justice in the world as the House of Commons; and how hard it is upon any man to have his cause tried there!'"

The death of the Prince of Wales is thus mentioned in a letter of March 21:—

"He had had a pleurisy, and was recovered. Last Tuesday was so might he went to attend the king's passing some bills in the House of Lords; from thence to Carlton-house, very hot, where he unrobed, put on a light unadorned

* "The author of 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' a poem of some merit, though now but little read.—D."

frock and waistcoat, went to Kew, walked in a bitter day, came home tired, and lay down for three hours upon a couch in a very cold room at Carlton-house, that opens into the garden. Lord Egmont told him how dangerous it was, but the prince did not mind him. My father once said to this king, when he was ill and royally untractable, 'Sir, do you know what your father died of?—of thinking he could not die.' In short, the prince relapsed that night, has had three physicians ever since, and has never been supposed out of danger till yesterday; a thrush had appeared, and for the two or three last evenings he had dangerous suppressions of breath. However, his family thought him so well yesterday, that there were cards in his outward room. Between nine and ten he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Wilmot, and Hawkins the surgeon, were present: the former said, 'Sir, have you brought up all the phlegm? I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your royal highness will have a good night.' Hawkins had occasion to go out of the room, and said, 'Here is something I don't like.' The cough continued; the prince laid his hand upon his stomach, and said, '*Je sens la mort*.' The page who held him up felt him shiver, and cried out, 'The prince is going!' The princess was at the feet of the bed; she caught up a candle and ran to him, but before she got to the head of the bed, he was dead."

"Prince George (says the author in a subsequent letter, and speaking of our late venerated George III.), who has a most amiable countenance, behaved excessively well on his father's death. When they told him of it, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Ayscough said, 'I am afraid, sir, you are not well.' He replied, 'I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew.' Prince Edward is a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes, but was much the favourite. He is a sayer of things! Two men were heard lamenting the death in Leicester-fields; one said, 'He has left a great many small children!' 'Ay,' replied the other, 'and what is worse, they belong to our parish!' But the most extraordinary reflections on his death were set forth in a sermon at May-fair chapel. 'He had no great parts (pray mind, this was the parson said so, not I), but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices; he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people; and then his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company.'"

We add a piece of Walpole's own moralising:—

"The mortifications and disappointments I have experienced have taught me the philosophy that dwells not merely in speculation. I choose to think about the world, as I have always found, when I most wanted its comfort, it thought about me, that is, not at all. It is a disagreeable dream which must end for every body else as well as for one's-self. Some try to supply the emptiness and vanity of present life, by something still more empty—fame. I choose to comfort myself, by considering that even while I am lamenting my present uneasiness, it is actually passing away. I cannot feel

* "Frederick Prince of Wales was a man in no way estimable, though his understanding and disposition were cried up by those who were in opposition to his father's government. Walpole says of him, 'His best quality was generosity; his worst, insincerity, and indifference to truth, which appeared so early, that Earl Stanhope wrote to Lord Sunderland from Hanover, 'He has his father's head, and his mother's heart.' His death was undoubtedly a deliverance for those who, had he lived, would have become his subjects."

the comfort of folly, because I am not a fool; and I scarce know any other being that it is worth one's while to wish to be. All this looks as if it proceeded from a train of melancholy ideas—it does so; but misfortunes have that good in them, that they teach one indifference."

As we said at the outset, we might prolong these excerpts through many a *Gazette*, and yet not exhaust the information and pleasantry contained in this addition to the lively correspondence of Horace Walpole—out of all question the most agreeable male letter-writer in the English language. But share and share alike is a fair maxim; and, in justice to other claims upon our attention, here we must close. To the taste and intelligence displayed by Lord Dover in editing these volumes, we have already paid the tribute of our cordial applause. A refined and highly cultivated mind could hardly find more fitting occupation than in preparing such a production for the public eye, enlightening the spots which time had obscured, and removing the passages which a change of manners would have caused to be considered somewhat gross in our day, though perfectly free from objection in the reign of George II. We should also, in conclusion, wish to compliment the publisher on the appearance of a work so honourable to his exertions. It is curious enough, in Walpole's own letters, to observe the name of Bentley so frequently connected with his pursuits; and now to see it thus again united to the revival of his literary character, both in the printing and publishing.

Could we but see the late Mr. Wyndham's journal and correspondence in a similar way, what a treat it would be! In the meantime, we are heartily content with Walpole.

Maxims and Hints for an Angler, and Miseries of Fishing. Illustrated by Drawings on Stone. To which are added, *Maxims and Hints for a Chess-Player.* Pp. 59. London, Murray. Very neatly got up, and quite an amateur volume in the way of cuts; which are cleverly executed, and most of the designs full of humour. There is not much of novelty in the letter-press; but it is amusing enough in its altered form. The brothers of the angle therefore owe Mr. Penn a "thank-ye" for this ornament to their shelf, to stand by Walton, Jesse, et hoc genus.

The Lyrics of Horace; being the first four Books of his Odes. Translated by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A., F.R.S. 4to. pp. 103. Chester, 1833.

WE acknowledge with feelings of high gratification the pleasure of possessing one of these truly elegant and classical productions, in which a hundred and two of the odes of the inimitable Horace are rendered into another language with as much of truth and taste as can be imagined. The beauties of the original and the difficulties of the task are known to every scholar; and therefore we shall only indulge ourselves with a single specimen, to shew how finely the English poet has appreciated the former and surmounted the latter. For this purpose we select the third ode of the second book:—

"Rectius vives, &c.
Still, Delius, keep an even mind
When Fortune frowns, and when she's kind,
Alike from insolence of joy
Restrain'd: for 'tis thy doom to die—
Whether life's lengthen'd course thou lead
Or whether, or in senectus's need,
Reclined, thine old Falernian gay
Quaff each returning holiday;
Where poplar pale and towering pine
Fondly their branches intertwine,

Whose hospitable glades among
The fleet stream winds and toils along,
Fitter, then, wine and odours bring,
And all the short-lived bloom of spring;
While fortune's store and youth allow,
And the black thread of Fate winds slow,
Groves join'd to groves, and mansion proud,
And villa bathed by Tiber's flood,
Thou must resign. Thy treasure hoard,
High piled, shall own another lord.
Whether a regal stem be thine,
And wealth, or, meanly born, thou pine
On penury's bleakest wild—'tis one:
Thee will He seize, who plies none.
We all approach one common bourne;
And, soon or late, from Fate's dark urn
Our names shall issue, in his boat
To endless exile doom'd to float."

The British Library. Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, 4 vols. Edinburgh, W. and R. Chambers; London, Orr; Dublin, Curry.

ADVERTING in the prospectus to the existing passion for bringing, or pretending to bring, knowledge within the reach of all classes of the community, the editor truly observes, that "a capital error in principle has been suffered to pervade endeavours otherwise so praiseworthy: novelty of information, rather than excellence, has been studied. While new books have been multiplied, the time-honoured and tried authors of our national literature have fallen into neglect. By the progress of discovery, even the best works may be superseded; but the departments of learning thus rapidly advancing are few, while in all the other provinces of mind, the standard classics, which have already borne the test of time, are certainly safer guides than volumes hurriedly prepared to meet the demands of a periodical issue. Hence compilations, often most crudely digested, and generally by inferior, or unknown, and consequently irresponsible, writers, have with little advantage been forced upon the precious hours of the young, and upon the limited means of the industrious, to the exclusion of the original and purer sources of intelligence. Mankind will evidently be improved by promoting their acquaintance with the most perfect models, not by encouraging converse with mediocrity; while a good book, already the property of the public, can certainly be republished at less expense than a bad one, where the writing is to be purchased."

Agreeing in these opinions, we cordially approve of the plan, and execution, and cost of Messrs. Chambers's *British Library*. The volumes are neat and cheap; and what is original in them, not unworthy of the established character of the works intended to be renewed and illustrated. This edition of Goldsmith is as well calculated to delight and improve, as some of its crude contemporaries of the same class are merely to mislead and perplex the reader.

The Rejected Addresses. Eighteenth Edition, carefully revised, with an Original Preface and Notes by the Authors. 12mo. pp. 170. London, 1833. Murray.

THE happiest jeu d'esprit of its kind in our day has its merits duly attested by the extraordinary words "eighteenth edition!" and we are glad to see it brought out in a style worthy of its past, and likely to add to its future, popularity. A slight, but charming engraving by E. Finden, of the brother authors, James and Horace Smith, after Harlowe's exquisite drawing in the possession of Mr. Murray, forms a fitting frontispiece; and a few wood embellishments (there might have been more) adorn the text in other places. One of the most entertaining parts of this new edition is to be found in the preface, where the whole

story is told of these *Addresses* having been literally rejected by every publisher to whom they were offered in London. Excellent judges of what was really good; and great patrons of literary talent! At last, Mr. Miller agreed to risk the publication, and give the writers half the profits, should there be any: after several editions, they sold the copyright for a large sum; and if they had kept it, they would have received a great deal more. In his first note, page 1, we observe that J. Smith (an important fact) says, that Fitzgerald made up to him at the Literary Fund dinner (we think we had the pleasure of introducing the lampooner and the lampoonee) at the very moment the latter was mounting the table to recite, as usual. The notes altogether are extremely pleasing and anecdotal; and the volume what such a volume should be.

Tales and Novels. By Maria Edgeworth. No. XIV. *Patronage*, Vol. I. London, 1833. Baldwin and Cradock.

ANOTHER volume of this delightful series; and *Patronage*, the one now before us, is among the most instructive and best of even Miss Edgeworth's popular productions. The illustrations, especially the vignette, are very pretty.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library, No. XVII. *Gil Blas*, Vol. II. E. Wilson.

A PORTRAIT of Gil Blas, and five designs, embellish this volume. We cannot say more than repeat our praise of so neat and cheap an edition of a matchless picture of human life; the prints, too, are clever; but we are not sure that better subjects might not be chosen from the teeming text.

The Magazine of Botany and Gardening, British and Foreign. Edited by James Rennie, M.A., Professor of Zoology, King's College, London. London, 1833. Henderson.

PROFESSOR RENNIE is a most indefatigable person—no subject seems to come amiss to him. The present periodical is, as its title declares, devoted to the sciences of botany and horticulture. The illustrations are tolerable. We wish it success.

Alphabet of Scientific Chemistry, for the Use of Beginners. By James Rennie, M.A., Professor of Zoology, King's College, London. 32mo. pp. 193. London, 1833. Orr.

As we understand the word alphabet, the present volume is not one at all: still it is a very agreeable and useful little work, well adapted to awaken a desire to know more of a most beautiful science.

The Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science. No. VIII. Dublin, 1833. Hodges and Smith.

THIS periodical maintains its reputation. The present number contains some very excellent articles. Dr. Crampton on the pathology of dislocations of the shoulder-joint is particularly worthy of attention.

The Penny Christ. No. I. H. Edwards. London, 1833.

START not, reader! Such is the title of a new penny weekly (Sunday!) paper, and of one carrying all that is pernicious in this species of publication to the widest extent. We have only regretted the multiplication of these trumpet periodicals while, under the ridiculous pretence of diffusing knowledge, they, in their

various ways, unsystematically, no improvement of a than ignorant and find ramus, th enjoys at head, and that the real gated writers, inaccurately incongruous. Of the infamous senseless and most difficult execution the most The I tions from be to be contempt dom.

FRIDAY civil engi tion of l mouths the action that the greatest gradual smallest This o effect of mon ch roll to to top, the others, son bet of natu watche ticular struck move, its dire stone same l right a thus th the be the pro upon tity o made by ea up or it mor gress pointi consis, E.N.N. neral coast, ceases struct project and or violent placec haps, ing a to pr

various ways, confused the mind with crude, unsystematic mixtures of every sort—leaving no impression behind, except that vague memory of a something, nothing, which is worse than ignorance itself; for ignorance may seek and find intelligence, but the perplexed ignoramus, thus possessed of multifarious reading, enjoys at once the happiness of being a block-head, and fancying himself a sage. It is well that the rage for such trash is fast declining, and that real and sound information may be propagated without the hinderance of pseudo-instructors, calculated only to mislead by their inaccuracies, and stultify by their mixture of incongenial ingredients.

Of the *Penny Christ*, as it is indecently and infamously called, all we shall say is, that utter senselessness is combined in it with the worst and most demoralising principles; so that it is difficult to determine whether the folly of the execution, or the wickedness of the design, is the most to be despised and reprobated.

The Lover.—Another pennyworth, selections from past amatory writers; and if love be to be taught, as likely to teach it as its contemporaries are to teach literature or wisdom.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY evening, June 8th.—Mr. Palmer, the civil engineer, gave a lecture upon the formation of beaches along the coast, and bars at the mouths of harbours. On observing attentively the action of the waves on the beach, he noticed that the largest stones were deposited at the greatest height and distance from the water, and gradually lessening in size downwards to the smallest sand, which was at the water's edge. This order of deposition, the reverse of the effect of forming a heap of stones under common circumstances, where all the large stones roll to the bottom, and the small remain at the top, though ten thousand times observed by others, does not appear to have led any person before him to consider how this operation of nature might be turned to account. He watched the waves and their actions upon particular stones, and found that whenever a wave struck a stone which it had force enough to move, it carried forward the stone in the line of its direction; and when the wave retired, the stone rolled back upon the beach, not in the same line, except when the wave struck it at right angles with the water-line of the beach; thus the stones and sand moved to leeward on the beach in zig-zag lines. The difference of the progressive motion of the stones depended upon their sizes, and the proportionate quantity of surface of the small stones and sand made them more buoyant; and they were by each succeeding wave deposited further up or down the shore, as the wave struck it more or less obliquely, the difference of progress varying as one to many hundreds. By pointing to a map of the Sussex and Kent coasts, which lie in a direction from W.S.W. to E.N.E., Mr. Palmer showed how, with the general prevalence of south-westerly winds on the coast, benches were formed in all bays and recesses west of the headlands, or wherever obstructions had been raised by piers or artificial projections from the land: in such places stones and sand are heaped, which, disturbed by the violent action of the waves in storms, were displaced, carried forward, and deposited, perhaps, at the mouth of the very harbour, forming a bar there, which the pier was intended to prevent. Mr. Palmer showed that this was

the case at Dover, and that the chief object in forming a harbour should be to prevent such accumulation near it. By an experiment he showed that the "fact in which he had caught nature" might be employed as a principle of prevention, by building sloping dikes at right angles with the beach. These would facilitate the return of the stones and sand to the water's edge, prevent a high accumulation, replace within reach of the waves the materials of the beach, and aid the water in carrying them on to a spot where they might be deposited without injury to navigation.—These are the main facts of a very important communication; but Mr. Palmer, unused to public lecturing, was not so happy in the arrangement of his subject as to make it, without the closest attention, so well and clearly understood as it evidently deserved to be.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY: LANDER'S EXPEDITION.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—The following letter from Richard Lander to R. W. Hay, Esq., dated "Niger Expedition, River Nun, Oct. 26, 1832," was read:—

"I have the honour to inform you, that the expedition under my command arrived here on the 20th instant, all well. I found on my arrival here the captain of the Liverpool brig, Susan, had paid King Boy. I hope you will be pleased to honour the bill. I have made King Boy a handsome present from the ordnance stores you were good enough to supply me with; and he accompanies me to the Eboe country to settle the palaver with King Obie. King Boy and King Forday were very glad to see me again, and say I am no man, but a devil. I sail this evening, and expect to reach the Eboe country in four days, and feel quite confident of success. I find Mr. Allen, sent out by the Admiralty, a very agreeable companion. (Signed) RICHARD LANDER."

From the account of the seaman who was the bearer of a letter from Richard Lander to his brother in Liverpool, we farther learn that it seems all the vessels of the expedition had reached the Eboe country previously to the sailor's leaving the Nun River. The man states that the steamers stemmed the current bravely, and ascended the Niger with apparent ease.

Several interesting papers on the present state of Pitcairn's Island, the settlers, and other points in connexion therewith, furnished by Sir E. Owen, Captain Freemantle, &c., were read.—From a voluminous mass of information, we select the following notes of the appendix to Lieutenant Burne's valuable communication alluded to in our last number of the *Literary Gazette*, on the relative magnitudes of the Indus and Ganges rivers. The lieutenant observes, that they rise in the same mountains, and traverse nearly the same latitudes, but with very unequal streams both as to length and magnitude. From observations made by Mr. Prinsep, at Sigvigalli, the Ganges discharges about 21,500 cubic feet in a second of time at that place; which is before the river has divided into several branches, "forming a delta at its mouth, and after it has received all its principal tributary streams. At Talta, which is similarly situated on the Indus, the discharge of water at the same season (April) was found to be about 110,500 cubic feet, or five times as great; and even with every allowance made in abatement of this amount, it cannot be brought below 800,000 feet, or four times that of the Ganges. Though both rivers are for the most part extra-tropical, both rise

and fall periodically with the tropical rains; both have nearly the same average velocity—under three miles an hour. The tide of the Indus only ascends seventy-five miles up its stream, while in the Ganges it is almost one hundred and fifty miles from the sea.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

KENSINGTON PALACE.

His Royal Highness the President of the Royal Society's last *conversations* for the season took place on Saturday, and was very brilliantly attended. Lucien Buonaparte was "the lion" of the evening; but a great number of very eminent persons of all countries were present, including the highest rank, and the highest fame in literature and the arts and sciences. It would require much space to particularise even a small proportion of the men of exalted station and professional celebrity whom we observed in the rooms; which were rendered yet more interesting by the exhibition of many important and ingenious inventions. Among these we noticed the model of a bridge on a new construction, and apparently an improvement of great practical utility. Nor were we less gratified by a more humble object, viz. the apparatus of Mr. Nutt, of Moulton Chapel, Lincolnshire, for the management of honey-bees. By this humane and simple, though philosophical, contrivance, the bees are preserved, and a greater abundance of superior honey is obtained. For an ample account of this admirable plan we would refer our readers to Mr. Nutt's volume* on the subject; in which he says, with great nature and effect,

"The bees themselves have been my instructors."

From them he has learnt how to accumulate vast produce, how to ventilate their dwellings, and how to keep them for years without the necessity of swarming. We strongly recommend this useful and benevolent system.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair. Observations on the structure of shells and molluscous animals, by Mr. Grey, were read. After some minute details, the author controverts the hitherto generally received opinion, that mollusca have not the power of absorbing their calcareous deposits. A portion of a paper by Dr. Marshall Hall, relating to the *medulla oblongata* and the *medulla spinalis*, was partly read. Sir James Graham, first lord of the Admiralty, was introduced, and took his seat for the first time as a fellow; and Dr. Morton gave notice, that at the next meeting he should move an immediate ballot for Sir Thomas Denman, the Lord Chief Justice, and his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

JUNE 7.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Sir Henry Ellis, secretary, communicated a description of several seals connected with English history, lately discovered at Paris by Mr. Doubleday, and impressions of which were exhibited; some of them were attached to grants from English kings to the Abbey of Saint Dennis; they were of Offa; Edgar; Edward the Confessor; Geoffrey Plantagenet; Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward the Second; two of Edward the Black Prince; Henry, Duke of Lancaster; Queen Isabel, second wife of Richard the Second; Richard the First; Edward, son of Henry the Third, after-

* Nutt on the Management of Bees. 12mo. pp. 230. Wisbech, H. and J. Leach, and 131, High Holborn, London.

wards Edward the First; Isabella, Queen of John; Edward, son of Edward the First; Prince John; Henry, Duke of Normandy; and Henry the Second. Mr. Robinson exhibited drawings of some beautiful architectural details among the remains of St. Mary's Abbey at York. Mr. Gage communicated extracts from the household-book of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham, (beheaded in 1521,) while residing at Thornbury Castle in Gloucestershire. Mr. Hamilton read to the Society a letter received from Sir Wm. Gell, containing an extract from one from Mr. Strangways, describing the discovery of several documents relative to English history at Viterba, in Italy, particularly a papal bull, directing the trial of the son of Simon de Montfort for the murder of Prince Henry, son of the Duke of Cornwall, whom he killed in a church, in revenge for the death of his father. The Kings of France and Navarre were present, and did not interfere, although it is said he dragged his victim round the church by his hair.

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE annual Greenwich meeting on Wednesday bids fair to rally a more than usual number of the friends and supporters of this admirable institution. Many distinguished literary characters are expected to partake of this social relaxation, after the principal business of the year has been performed; and unless special cases of necessity require it, the ordinary meetings are suspended for several months. Suggestions of great importance to the charity often grow out of these unofficial assemblies, which renders it the more desirable that they should be thus fully and cordially attended by those who love our country's literature, and feel for literary distress.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fifth notice.]

THE Antique Academy has its fair proportion of talent and attraction. Among its motley varieties of art, the enamels hold a distinguished rank. Those by H. P. Bone are executed in that able artist's most beautiful and finished style, and are faithful resemblances of the originals. They are, principally, No. 497. *His Majesty, after Sir W. Beechey, R.A.*; No. 493. *H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, after a miniature by Colten*; No. 498. *Right Hon. Lady Janet Walrond, after T. Phillips, R.A.*; No. 507. *The Infant Saviour, after Murillo*; &c. The enamels by W. Essex, J. Lee, and W. Bone, are also entitled to great praise.

No. 496. *Portrait of the Right Hon. the Countess of Erne. A. E. Chalon, R.A.*—This fine drawing, and Nos. 514, 637, and 652, shew that, whether in infancy, youth, or mature life, beauty, grace, and fashion, always characterise Mr. Chalon's pencil.

No. 524. *Simon and the Prophetess Anna in the Temple at Jerusalem, acknowledging the Infant Jesus to be the Lord Christ. R. Westall, R.A.*—Few artists have done more for the British school of design than Mr. Westall. The sketch under our notice is among the best of his compositions; and, upon a larger scale, would have given to the Great Room a feature which it wants.

No. 523. *From a Passage in Moore's "Epitaph." G. Jones, R.A.*—A beautiful chiaroscuro composition, in which the poetry of the artist rivals the poetry of the writer. No. 629, *Fire of London*, and No. 663, *Cleopatra quit-*

ting the Battle of Actium, also by Mr. Jones, while they afford an advantageous contrast to the gaiety of colours by which they are surrounded, display talents of no ordinary rank.

No. 532. *Hollyhocks. V. Bartholomew.*—Often as we have been called upon to admire and notice Mr. Bartholomew's works, we have never before seen one of so much imposing grandeur, executed in a style of such spirit and freedom. A production like this would give a character to any collection. There are many other beautiful specimens in the same class of art; among them, No. 540. *Study after Nature*, G. Sintzenich; No. 528. *Apples from Nature*, Mrs. Withers; No. 531. *Fruit from Nature*, Mrs. Cole; No. 611. *Fruit and Flowers*, Mrs. D. Dighton; No. 622. *Fruit and Flowers*, Mrs. Pope; No. 583. *Hollyhocks*, Mary Harrison; No. 563. *Convulvulus Majores*, Miss H. Gandy; No. 564. *The Pæonia Montan, or Chinese Tree Pæony, and other Flowers*, Miss E. W. Field, H.; &c. &c.

No. 538. *William Wilberforce, Esq. G. Richmond.* An admirable drawing, and a characteristic likeness.—No. 635. *Sketch of a Gentleman*, by the same artist, is full of spirit and fine execution.—No. 603. *A Portrait. W. Derby.* One of the most perfect gems of its kind we ever saw.—No. 486. *Portrait of W. Brockedon, Esq. C. Turner, A.E.* Admirable.—Among the landscape drawings, we particularly noticed No. 574. *Santo Cosimato, near Rome*, W. Howell; No. 608. *Twilight*, J. M. Ince; No. 636. *The Rialto, from a Sketch by D. Mocatta, Esq., W. Purser*; No. 647. *A Windmill, squally day*, J. Constable, R.A.; and No. 648. *Antwerp*, G. Jones, R.A.

Of the painters of miniature we may justly say, that, comparing them with their brother and sister portrait-painters above stairs, in all the best qualities of the art, they need not "hide their diminished heads." For proofs of this assertion, we refer to the works of S. P. Denning, F. Cruikshank, W. C. Ross, W. Barclay, A. E. Chalon, R.A., A. Robertson, W. J. Newton, S. J. and F. Rochard, S. Lover, Mrs. J. Robertson, Mrs. Green, H. Wilkin, C. Hamburger, Miss A. A. Trail, &c. The portraits and subjects in oil, which hang above and around, have, generally speaking, a glare of colour, not very estimable in itself, and yet very injurious to the more modest tones of water. A few of them, such, for instance, as No. 511. *Portrait of Mr. Durusset*, J. Boden; No. 533. *Portraits of Mrs. Trevelyan and Children*, G. Patten; and No. 536. *Portrait of Rev. James Ward*, S. Lane, evidently deserve a better situation.

In line engraving, W. Bromley, A.E., and in mezzotint engraving, C. Turner, A.E., have, as usual, distinguished themselves; the former by No. 945. *Head of Juno, antique*; and No. 948. *A Caryatid, being one of the Elgin Marbles*; and the latter by No. 484. *Sir Robert Fitzwygram, Bart. from a Painting by T. Phillips, Esq. R.A.*, and No. 487. *Sir A. W. Vaughan, Bart., from a Painting by Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A.*

(To be continued.)

THE CHEVALIER SEBASTIAN ERARD'S COLLECTION.

WE were favoured the other day with a private view of fifty pictures, forming the *élite* of the celebrated collection at the Château de la Muette, at Passy, belonging to the late Chevalier Sebastian Erard, which are to be sold on this day at night by Messrs. Christie and Manson. They will be publicly exhibited for three days previous to the sale, and will afford

a rich treat indeed to the lovers of art. They consist of works by C. Ferri, Albert Durer, Cuyt, Titian, Swaneveldt, Parmegiano, Poelenborg, Terburg, Brauwer, Adrian Vander Velde, Gasparo Duguet and Pietro da Cortona, Jacopo Palma (the elder), Salvator Rosa, Van Huisum, Rembrandt, F. Mille, P. P. Rubens, Teniers, Claude, Murillo, Wynants and Wouvermann, Ludovico Carracci, Proccacini, G. Romano, Isaac Ostade, Correggio, Raffaele, Both, Joannes Vincent, Metz, N. Poussin, Paul Potter, G. Dow, A. Van der Neer, and Albano; and all in perfect preservation, and with this distinguishing quality, that there is not a single picture which is not of the highest character. We were especially delighted with *A Landscape, Moonlight*, by A. Van der Neer, the Dutch Claude, one of the most wonderful pictures we ever saw; *The Holy Family*, by Jacopo Palma, the elder, the pearly tones of which are those of flesh itself; *A Man's Portrait*, by Cuyt, as sunshiny in its expression as it is in its hues; *A Landscape*, by Gasparo Duguet, with figures by Pietro da Cortona, than which it is impossible to conceive any thing more magnificent; *Portrait of his Mother*, by Rembrandt, painted with surpassing boldness and force; *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, by Albert Durer, an exquisite little specimen of the master; *A Bacchanalian Scene*, by Poelenborg, exceeding in extent and beauty any production by that artist which we have before met with; one of the most spirited of Salvator Rosa's Landscapes; "*Suffer little Children to come unto me*," by Rubens, containing ten or twelve figures as rich and various in colour as the gayest bouquet that florist ever arranged; *The Nativity*, by Murillo, painted with more warmth of tone than that master usually indulges in; *The Alchemist*, by Teniers, an exquisitely finished work; *St. Catherine receiving the Crown*, by Proccacini, finely composed and coloured, and full of appropriate expression; *His own Portrait*, by G. Dow, on which he has exhausted all the elaborate skill of his pencil; *The Education of Cupid*, by Correggio, most gracefully composed, and richly coloured; *A Frozen Canal*, by Isaac Ostade, truth itself, and on a larger scale than his was wont to paint; *Carthage*, by Claude, a worthy companion to the *Embarkation of St. Ursula* in the National Gallery; *A Group of Cows*, by Paul Potter, so full of nature, that it is difficult to believe that one of them, lying down, is not in the act of rumination; *A Young Lady at her Toilet*, by Metz, a surprising effect of light, and admirably finished; &c. &c. &c. We repeat, that a more charming and valuable collection was never submitted to the hammer.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS.

THE extent and value of this superb collection, consisting of above 5000 original specimens, and a number of the rarest qualities by the first masters, are generally known; and it must be a subject of regret if they should be speedily dispersed, or sent out of the country. In order to avert either event, we observe that proposals are issued for the formation of a society, of two hundred 100l. shares, the subscribers of which shall become the proprietors of the collection. It is farther proposed to make an exhibition of these treasures during three years, and open the rooms for evening views, conversazioni, and other public purposes. The plan appears to be eligible, as it is laudable; and we trust that even in these bad times it may prove successful. It would certainly be a great enjoyment to the lovers of

the arts, and tend much to promote their cultivation amongst us. From Cimabue, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, the Florentine; Raffaele, Julio Romano, Pierino del Vaga, and Zuccherro, the Roman; Correggio and Parmegiano, the Parmese; the Carracci, Guido, Guercino, and Primaticcio, the Bolognese; Titian, Giorgione, Paul Veronese, the Venetian; and Salvator, Lucca Giordano, Cangiagi, Albert Durer, Rubens, Rembrandt, Poussin, the other Italian, German, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools, would supply an endless variety of studies of the noblest and most improving description. The consummation is devoutly to be wished.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The National Portrait Gallery, Part L.
Fisher and Co.

"SIR WILLIAM JONES," from a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds; "Sir John Leslie," from a picture by A. Chisholm; and "the Rev. Robert Hall, M.A." from a picture by J. Flowers, are the embellishments of the fiftieth part of the *National Portrait Gallery*.

London, to Brighton, Shoreham, and Worthing. H.W. Jukes fecit; lithographed by C. Ingrey. A CHEAP little map of the various roads, which will be found a useful and entertaining companion on the top of a coach.

Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland. By J. Fleming; engraved by J. Swan. Part XI. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THIS Part contains views of "Loch Arkeg,"—described by Mr. Leighton as "one of those unknown spots of surpassing beauty, which are so numerous in Scotland,"—"Loch Oich," and "Loch Ness." They all do great credit to Messrs. Fleming and Swan. That of Loch Oich, in particular, is a splendid little engraving.

Memorials of Oxford. Edited by the Rev. J. Ingram, D.D. Nos. VII. and VIII. Oxford, Parker, Slatter, and Graham; London, Tilt.

THIS pleasing and respectable publication is proceeding in a manner highly creditable to its learned editor. The seventh and eighth numbers contain descriptions and illustrations of "the Church and Parish of St. Peter in the East," and "the Church and Parish of St. Mary the Virgin."

Lady Graham. Engraved by Dean, from a Miniature by Mrs. Robertson. Bull.

A TASTEFUL and highly finished little portrait; the embellishment of the number for June of the *Court Magazine*.

Costumes of the Royal Navy and Marines. Nos. 11, 12, and 13. London, 1833. Andrews and Co.

THESE numbers contain representations of the respective uniforms of gunners, boatswains, carpenters, mates, masters of the fleet, and physicians.

The Harbour of Poole. Drawn by J. M. Gilbert; on stone by L. Haghe. Lynton, Grove.

A VERY respectable lithographic print.

The Beauty of Warsaw. Polish Costume. No. III. L. Mansion. London, 1833. Andrews and Co.

WE are quite charmed with this blonde and beautiful Pole, whose captivations appear to be

sufficient to enslave a country. The costume is very graceful and striking, the print well coloured, and altogether extremely pretty.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHARGE.

"Up, Guards, and at them!"
The Duke of Wellington at Waterloo.

'Twas the evening of that day,
On the field of Waterloo,
When the sons of Gaul gave way
To our heroes firm and true;—
It was then,

While a parting sun beam broke
Through the cloud of battle-smoke,
A gallant chief thus spoke
To his men:—

"My merry Englishmen;
Sons of Ireland, warm and true;
Brave Scotsmen from each glen,
And each hill with heather blue;
See the foe!
See the Gallic legions near,
See, they press to meet us here;
Let us check their proud career,
Or lie low!

"Think upon each former day
When you met them in the field;
When their legions, proud and gay,
Were dispersed and forced to yield
To your might:—
Think on Salamanca's plain,
Think on every field of Spain;
Prove your courage once again
In the fight.

"See the steel-clad cuirassier,
How he spurs his war-horse on!
And, hark! their legions cheer,
As though the fight they'd won:—
See, they come!
With their banners proudly streaming,
And their swords and bayonets gleaming,
While shrill the life is screaming
To the drum.

"By your gallant sires of old,
Still maintain your country's fame;
Think, their battle-cry so bold,
Was—'To gain a glorious name,
Or to die!'—
Hark our music's martial swell!
Each stirring note can tell
How they won, or nobly fell:
Such our cry!

"That cheer, so loud and long,
Speaks the spirit which inspires
Your hearts with purpose strong,
Your fame and your brave sires
To enlarge.
You no longer brook delaying,
The cannons loud are braying,
And the battle-steed is neighing,—
To the charge!" C.

MUSIC.

MESSRS. CHELARD AND ELIASON'S
CONCERT.

THIS was what the musicians would call "a regular benefit concert," that is, one abounding in all sorts of disappointments and mishaps. Yet, if some of the performers announced in the bills were absent, Malibran and Schroeder, and Hüttinger and Dobler and Herz, were present; and we contrived to extract much gratification from their exertions. Signora Rubini and Giubilei were encored in a comic duet, the second item of the programme; and M. Herz, whose performance concluded the concert, had

every reason to be satisfied with his reception; it was cordial and enthusiastic almost beyond precedent, the orchestra joining heartily in the applause. The piece he selected was one of those he had played at his own concert, an air from *Guillaume Tell*, with variations, followed by a light playful rondo—the whole well calculated to shew to advantage his masterly and brilliant execution. After making him repeat the last movement, the audience departed, apparently much consoled for their other disappointments. Q.

MR. BOCHSA'S CONCERT.

MR. BOCHSA'S morning concert, on Wednesday last, was such a brilliant concentration of talent, that we regret we have not leisure to do justice to its merits. An excellent opportunity was here afforded of contrasting and comparing the respective excellencies of the three great female vocalists, Malibran, Cinti, and Pasta, who sang a great deal, and in their best manner. Malibran took the second in two duets, one with Cinti, the other with Pasta; and their whole performance was the very quintessence of refinement. The other singers, Donzelli, Zuchelli, Tamburini, Sapio, Phillips, and Miss Bruce,* all deserve high commendation. One of the most curious items of the bill was an English song from Signor Zuchelli, Handel's "Oh, ruddier than the cherry," which he sang with good taste, and pronounced as correctly as a native—query, is he not one? The quaint style of this song contrasted oddly enough with the modern music, chiefly Italian, which had preceded it. Mr. Bochsa played three pieces, besides taking part in an ottetto, in which the talents of Mori, Nicholson, Willman, Platt, Lindley, and Dragonetti, were exercised. All the pieces in question were Mr. Bochsa's own compositions; and three of them, including the ottetto, entirely new. His performance was warmly applauded by a fashionable and crowded audience. Q.

THE annual performance of that glorious monument of musical genius, *The Messiah*, took place last Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. We attended the rehearsal on Monday morning, and our object in noticing it here is, to suggest that, under existing circumstances, one or two repetitions of it might be attended with great success; for, though the room was thronged nearly to suffocation, yet we have heard numbers since lamenting, either that they were not apprised of the performance, or were in some way prevented from attending it. As the profits accruing from the tickets are applied to a charitable purpose, we apprehend it would be well worth while to give the *Messiah* at least one more trial before the end of the season. Q.

MR. SEDLATZEK'S CONCERT.

THE residence of Mr. Taylor, George Street, Hanover Square, was completely crowded on Saturday last by a fashionable auditory. Mr. Sedlatzek stands deservedly high as a flutist. His own performances, and the combined talent of almost all the vocalists in town, contributed to render this one of the best concerts of the season. Herz and Moschelles (the former the eager object of curiosity) performed a fantasia upon the march in *Le Philtre*. Applause commensurate with their brilliant and rapid execution.

* We have to express our regret at not having more regularly reviewed the concerts of this deserving young lady; but the truth is, that an accident to our ticket, and the multiplicity of other musical entertainments, led to an omission which we can hardly excuse when we consider her deserts.—Ed. L. G.

cution was bestowed upon them. M. Herz wants but a small and invigorating portion of the Promethean fire, and to divest his performances of a somewhat mechanical precision which makes the spectator fancy that the soul, the real essence of music, is deficient, to render him the first pianiste in Europe. M. Sedlatzek performed on the flute both solos and in company with other instrumentalists, to the evident gratification of the audience. His variations upon the *Carnival of Venice* are specimens of light and agreeable composition. Mr. Mori's concerto upon the violin, from Mayseder, was not successful. In attempting too much in the variations, he failed altogether. Dobler, Haitsinger, and Madame Devrient, sang several selections from Beethoven and Mozart. Rubini and Donzelli also contributed their services, and were warmly applauded in compositions, of which, having been already frequently noticed with approbation, a repetition would be but an echo.

MR. HOLMES'S CONCERT.

This gentleman's concert was well attended at the same house on the evening preceding that of M. Sedlatzek's. Mr. Holmes is known as a young and rising performer on the piano-forte, following rather closely the style of Henri Herz. He played variations upon a march in *Otello* with great delicacy and expression. His fingering is both refined and vigorous, and he wants but the practice, which by time he can acquire, to obtain a very high rank in his profession. The services of several English and Italian vocalists were put in requisition; and we must not omit to notice a very agreeable fantasia on the harp by Mr. Neilson, another rising performer. Mr. Holmes had every reason to be satisfied at the quantity and quality of the patronage he obtained.

PAGANINI.

At his last visit to us, this extraordinary musician obtained more popularity and carried away more money than any other son of Orpheus ever did in the same time. On Thursday in last week he could not get together a fifth part of the cost of a concert, which was consequently abandoned. It is said that his extreme want of liberality, not to say humanity, has caused this revision in the public feeling towards him; and that, though his performances continue to be the same, the resentment against his grinding greediness has overpowered the curiosity and delight of hearing him. One of his own learned and accomplished countrymen has addressed him in the following sonnet:—

Se suona il violino, e tu noi miri,
Il credrai maggior del finto Orfeo:
Di lui può dirsi, che natura il feo
Per dimostrar quant' alto il genio aspiri—
Ma se della sua vita i fatti ammiri,
E la sozza avarizia, e l'uso reo,
Che fa de' suoi talenti, un vil Giudeo
A lui preferir, se non deliri—
Ah! Paganini, quanto mal tu fai
A tu stesso, e all'Italia, che s'adora
D'averti dato della luce i rai—
Nel regni dell'Occaso, e dell'Aurora
Viorà tua fama, ma del mesto, il sai,
Regnano in te vizj più grandi ancora.

June 18th.

F. DE MOSCATI.

DRAMA.

OLYMPIC: COVENT GARDEN COMPANY.

On Monday, after the *Wife*, for the 37th time,—almost too long for the *Honey Moon* to run,—a new opera, called the *Bridal Promise*, was produced at this theatre. The music is by

M. Herold, and most of it, if not all, already favourably known to the public, either by the previous performance of a similar piece under a different name, or by the organisation of its prettiest tunes about the streets—no bad sign of popularity. On the present occasion it was delightfully sung, especially by Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson, who had the leading parts. The former in a ballad, "Alicia was a flower," was truly charming; and the latter gave a cavatina, also in the first act, most sweetly. Miss E. Romer, in all she had to do, pleased us extremely; and when we add, that the concerted pieces and choruses (almost all very fine) had the support of Duruset, Stansbury, I. Bennett, Ransford, Mrs. Keeley, Miss Lee, the Misses Hortons, while Keeley played a slight comic, and Mrs. Vining a serious figure-ative, part, we have said enough to shew that as much was made as could be made of the material supplied by the author and composer. Indeed this is a strong and lasting recommendation of these exertions within the walls of a small theatre; we have still the propriety, the ensemble, and the merits of a sterling company, acting well together, looking like what the English Drama ought to be, and appealing to better thoughts and a higher standard of taste and intellect than all the meretricious attractions of imported quackery. We are not of the illiberal, who would exclude or begrudge the just encouragement of foreign talent; but we can never go into that course which starves and degrades native genius, while it lavishes extravagant wealth and patronage alike on every species of continental merit, folly, and vice.

At Drury Lane, Macready took his benefit on Monday; and Taglioni, Augusta, Malibran, Devrient, and other foreign artists, were needed to attract a house. On Wednesday the season closed; and Malibran, whose last nights have been ever-last-ing, was immediately advertised for Covent Garden!! Zucchielli is added to a very strong cast of *Figaro*, with her and De Meric, and Vestris as the page, who, according to the bill, "in a most laudable desire to aid the cast, has consented," &c. &c.; the laudable desire being simply to receive 20l. or 25l. per night, and a benefit for a few performances. These bills are truly absurd: what the actors call "gagging," i. e. *hibernic* humbugging, to the utmost extent of public credulity.

We are induced to hope for better things under the promise of next season. At present, native dramatic talent is so scattered about, that much of its interest and effect is lost. One swallow does not make a summer, nor one star a theatre. We trust Mr. Bunn will concentrate and conquer public opinion.

ADELPHI.

The *Mummy* continues its increased and deserved course of popularity; and, as now acted, is the most humorous broad farce that has been brought upon the stage. Reeve, as *King Pharaoh*, deserves all the honours due to royalty and risibility.

Miss Novello, as *Rebecca*, in the *Climbing Boy*, also improves in cleverness; and we seldom see more comic talent. Oxberry, in the simple country lad (in *Frankenstein*) was a happy mixture of fright, folly, and knavery. Altogether, the Adelphi seems to be what the Haymarket was wont to be in its palmy times; and on Thursday night we were amused, from first to last, accordingly.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE BEULAH SPA.

It reminds one of good old times, when we see, though in a modern style, such places as the Beulah Spa becoming attractions of fashionable and popular resort. The era of healthy Springs for the alleviation of all diseases has, perhaps, been allowed to go too entirely into desuetude in our vast metropolis; where, as it may seem, the greater the desideratum, the less has been the desire to encourage these Wells and Spas. Much of this can be referred to the manners of the times. Citizens will seek only at appointed periods of relaxation for that at Cheltenham or Buxton, which they could have ready access to any day of the week at Islington or Tottenham. And it is true, that combined with change of air and habits, exercise, and ease of mind, the efficacy of remote retreats of this kind is more obvious; but still, if persons would look nearer home, they might find much benefit from such excursions as frequent drives to Beulah Spa. Dr. Weatherhead's pamphlet (most scandalously pirated by a Mr. Maxfield) gives an interesting and excellent account of this new and, it seems, extremely salubrious spring; to him, therefore, we refer for its medical properties; but for its accommodations and beautiful arrangement, as a spot of mere pleasure and recreation, we will rather refer our readers to the original, and advise them to take the first fine day they can spare to enjoy a visit thither.

PANORAMA: FALLS OF NIAGARA.

MR. BURFORD, ever producing novelty and interest in his panoramic sphere, has just superseded the delightful view of Stirling Castle by a magnificent view of the Falls of Niagara. No object in nature could be better suited for exhibition in the art than this picturesque and stupendous flood; and it is treated in so masterly a manner that the spectator almost fancies he is wetted by the smoky spray and hears the tumbling torrent. As we have only enjoyed the scene at a late hour on Friday, we must defer farther admiration till next Saturday.

Vauxhall has opened for the season. Having lost our taste for the entertainments therein provided, we can only speak from report; and have heard little but complaints of money being demanded for almost every movement to see the attractions of the Gardens.

VARIETIES.

Preservation of Crosby Hall.—We learn with pleasure that the measures for preserving this fine specimen of ancient domestic architecture are proceeding auspiciously. The subscription swells gradually toward a sufficient amount; an eligible lease has been obtained of the premises and adjacent edifices which are needed to render its restoration complete, and its appropriation as a public monument satisfactory.

Destruction of Ants.—These little creatures, so industrious in doing mischief to our gardens, and often a source of great annoyance to our very dwellings, may thus be easily entrapped: "Pour half a pint of boiling water on half an ounce of quassia (which may be purchased at a penny or twopence an ounce); when cold, add a table-spoonful of coarse brown sugar or treacle; put a quarter of this in a four-ounce phial; make a hole in the ground in or near their track, and immerse the bottle up to the nose. At first, to entice them, pour a little of the liquor upon and just round the nose of the

phial." In this way a nest may be greatly lessened, or utterly destroyed, in a few days. Garden beetles, and other insects, will also find their way into the same trap.

Indian Statistics!—"One of the counsellors of Powhatan, and the husband of his daughter Matachanna, was Tomocomo, who went to England with Pocahontas, and returned with Captain Argall. Smith, who calls him Vttamatomakkin, says he was held by his countrymen to be 'a very understanding fellow.' The same inference might be made from the commission which Powhatan gave him, on the occasion just alluded to, to take the number of the people in England, and to bring him an exact and minute account of their strength and resources. Tomocomo set about that business with equal simplicity and zeal. Immediately on his arrival at Plymouth, he procured a long stick, whereupon to cut a notch with his knife for every man he should see. But he soon became weary of his task, and threw his stick away. When the emperor inquired, on his return, how many people there were, he could only compare them to the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sands on the seashore. Mr. Purchas (compiler of the famous collection of voyages) was informed by President Dale, with whom Tomocomo went out from Virginia, that Opechancanough, and not Powhatan, had given him his instructions; and that the object of them was not so much to ascertain the population, as to form an estimate of the amount of corn raised, and of forest-trees growing in England. Nomantack, and the other savages who had previously visited that country, being ignorant, and having seen little of the British empire except London, had reported a very large calculation of the men and houses, while they said almost nothing about the trees and corn. It was therefore a general opinion among the Indians, that the English had settled in Virginia only for the purpose of getting supplies of these two articles; and in confirmation, they observed their continual eagerness after corn, and the great quantities of cedar, clapboards, and wainscoting, which they annually exported to England. Tomocomo readily undeceived his countrymen upon this point. Landing in the west of England in summer, and travelling thence to London, he of course saw evidences of great agricultural and rural plenty and wealth; and was soon obliged to abandon the account he had undertaken to keep,—his arithmetic failing him on the first day. In the British metropolis, he met accidentally with Captain Smith; and the two immediately renewed their ancient acquaintance. Tomocomo told the Captain, that Powhatan had given orders to request of him, — if, indeed, he was not dead, as reported, — the favour of shewing Tomocomo the English God, and also their king, queen, and prince, of whom they had formerly conversed so often together. 'As to God,' as Smith expresses it, 'Captain Smith excused and explained the matter the best he could.' As to the king, he told Tomocomo he had already seen him, which was true. But the Indian denied it; and it was not without some trouble that Smith, by mentioning certain circumstances, convinced him of the fact. The Indian then assumed a most melancholy look. 'Ah!' said he, 'you presented Powhatan a white dog which he fed as himself. Now, I am certainly better than a white dog; but your king has given me nothing.' Such an arch sense, adds the historian, had this savage of the 'stingy' treatment he had received at court. Nothing is known of Tomocomo after his re-

turn to America." — *Thatcher's Indian Biography.*

Pride is like the stately turkey, which gloomily and contemptuously strides along; conceit is like the sun-flower, which impudently turns and stares at the sun; while humility is like a lovely flower, which is almost hidden among more prominent and less beautiful plants. — *Treatise on Happiness.*

When Diagoras was sailing in a vessel during a terrible storm, the sailors exclaimed that they were punished by the gods because they had taken an infidel on board. "Look now," said Diagoras, "at those ships which are not far distant; am I on board all of them?" A Portuguese being in danger of shipwreck, took a little child and placed it on his shoulders, that the innocence of the infant might counter-balance his own offences, and save him! — *Ibid.*

During the protectorship of Cromwell, it happened that a secret expedition being about to sail, one of the fanatical preachers, whom Cromwell was obliged to please sometimes, although he generally disapproved of their conduct, came to the protector and demanded an audience. When this was granted, he said, — "The Lord wishes to know where the secret expedition is going?" "The Lord knows already," replied Cromwell; "but thou shalt know, for thou shalt go with it;" and he sent him on board the fleet. — *Ibid.*

After Genseric had fixed his seat of empire at Carthage, he had got together a mighty fleet; and being about to sail, the pilot inquired, — "Prince, to what part of the world shall I direct my course?" "To that," replied the commander, "which the Almighty beholds in his wrath." — *Ibid.*

A Place for an M.P.—The number of the lower order who have obtained seats in the present Parliament is ridiculed by an advertisement in an Irish paper, which, under the head of "a footman wanted," adds "if he happen to be a Member of Parliament, and can write franks, it will be an additional recommendation."

March of Knowledge.—One of the well-instructed of the present generation was ascribing the hurricane of Monday and Tuesday to the equinox. "Why," said a listener, "that cannot be, for it is not near the equinoctial period." "It is not so far off," rejoined the naturalist, "for next Friday is the longest day!"

New Translation.—A lady well versed in the French tongue was invited lately to form one of a pic-nic party, "à la fourchette;" upon which she remarked that *all a fork out* was a very clever phrase where every one furnished their own provisions.

Slang.—The slang remarks one sometimes overhears in the streets might be repeated as specimens of wit, if uttered by superior hands.

"I say, Jem," said a roadmaker the other day at Hyde Park Corner (where, ever since they have begun to improve the way, it has been all but impassable),—"I say, Jem, them there fellows (viz. four men walking gently in line with placards on poles) are nation del better paid for skulking about than we are who works so hard." "No," replied Jem, "they an't; they've only four-and-sixpence a-week, and we earn six shillings." "Ay, but," rejoined his friend, "you don't consider that, beside their wages, they've got their board for nothing."

On an Apothecary and a Dyer living in excellent neighbourhood next door to each other.

Two of a trade can not agree,
But near alike there's less envying;
By dying, this, and scouring lives,
That lives by scouring and by dying. *Truth.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Judgment of the Flood, a poem, by John A. He-
naud, author of the "Descent into Hell."
Old Bailey Experience, &c. by the author of *Paper in Fraser's Magazine* under the title of the "Schoolmaster's Experience in Newgate."

Demetrius, a Tale of Modern Greece, and other Poems, by Agnes Strickland.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Brocklebank's Journal of his Excursions in the Alps is about to be given to the public: the graphic talent of the author, high as it stands, is, we suspect, not more likely to be popular than his personal remarks on the "Passes" he has so frequently traversed.

Mr. B. Bidder informs us that the paper of Mr. Walker on the resistance of fluids, read at the Royal Society's last meeting, did not state (as reported) that Mr. George Bidder was preparing a paper on the "Division of Numbers" for the Society, but that he was engaged in the investigation of the laws of bodies moving through water; and that he would communicate the result of his inquiries to the Society. Mr. B. Bidder also further acquaints us that his brother George Bidder intends to explain the process by which he attained his facility in mental calculation, by a book, which he hopes will soon be ready for publication, and which will likewise contain the history of arithmetic, from the first invention of numerical signs to the present state of the science.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1835.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 6	From 41. to 71.	29.76 to 29.86
Friday... 7	41. to 59.	29.76 to 29.99
Saturday... 8	41. to 73.	30.04 to 30.13
Sunday... 9	40. to 75.	30.19 to 30.24
Monday... 10	40. to 78.	30.24 to 30.19
Tuesday... 11	41. to 84.	29.90 to 29.79
Wednesday 12	41. to 84.	29.74 to 29.69

Wind S.E. and S.W., the latter prevailing.
Except the 11th and 12th, generally clear.

Hurricane.—On Tuesday last we were visited by a more violent storm of wind than has perhaps ever occurred, certainly never remembered, in the month of June. At sunrise the atmosphere was calm and cloudless, and so continued till near seven, when the clouds rose and the wind blew in violent gusts, carrying away leaves and fruits of all trees exposed to its force; the storm, however, was not at its height till noon, from which hour till near five, it blew with such terrific violence that many lofty elms and oaks were torn up by the roots and thrown upon the ground. In several gardens the trees have lost more than half their fruit. The appearance of the leaves is that of having been parched by heat, arising, however, merely from the violent concussion. Haymaking, which had been in most cases deferred till the 10th, in hopes of rain, was a complete scene of confusion, any attempt to keep it together in the open field was fruitless; and, in some cases, the meadow parted with its grass to cover a field of potatoes; while, in other cases, where adjoining fields have been the property of more than one, it has led to strange controversies as to how much the neighbour's field may have been benefited by the gust of wind.

Edmonton. — CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge our obligation for a well-executed mezzotint by G. H. Phillips after A. Colin. The subject is interesting; but there is neither letter-press nor letter to inform us what it is.

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